Week ending August 25 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

REVOLUTIONARY PEACE

By A. G. Gardiner

See centre pages

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It protects the family

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It gives a *lasting* shine—
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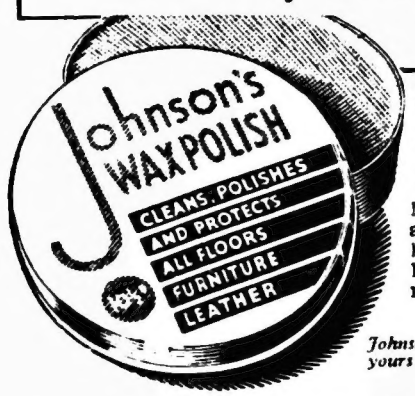

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No more water splashing all over the carpet, goodbye to hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy, removes all grease and dirt, and gives a rich, lasting gloss. Get some and see how it makes your mirrors and windows shine in no time.

Windolene

CLEANS WINDOWS **EASILY**

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FOOD MF FACTS

NO. 3 IN A SPECIAL SERIES

making the MOST of **CABBAGE**

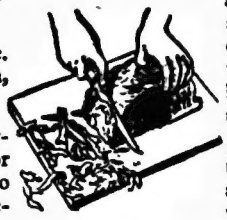
No one can afford to waste the food value of anything in these days of world shortage, certainly not mothers who want to see their families growing up strong and healthy. And because it's only too easy to waste the precious vitamins and minerals in green vegetables by incorrect cooking, these simple hints on preparing cabbage are well worth studying. It's easier at this time of year to follow the recommended health plan, "Eat a green, leafy vegetable at least once every day." Here's how to get the full benefit.

GOLDEN RULES FOR COOKING CABBAGE

To enjoy cabbage at its crispest, and full of delicious flavour, follow these rules. Prepared like this, it keeps most of its vitamins and mineral salts, and little of the food value is lost.

1. Use as fresh as possible. If from your own garden, don't gather till needed.

2. Allow 1½ lb. for 4 portions. Remove the dark or coarse outer leaves. Do not throw them away, because they contain more of the vitamins and mineral salts than the more tender inner leaves. Use them shredded in soups and stews. Cut the cabbage in quarters and wash thoroughly. *Never* soak for more than ½ hour.



3. Shred with a sharp knife, cutting across from top to stem *(see sketch)*.

4. Don't drown it. Allow only quarter pint of water and about 1 level dessertspoon salt for each 2 lb. of cabbage. The water in the pan must be boiling before the cabbage is added.

5. Cook with lid tightly on the pan. If the steam is allowed to escape, the pan will go dry and burn.

6. Boil briskly for 10-15 minutes only. Shake pan occasionally.

7. Drain off any liquid. Use for gravy, soup or sauce.

8. Serve at once. Keeping hot or reheating destroys the vitamin C.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. 266

SEE WHERE YOU ARE WITH ATLAS LAMPS

ADVERTISEMENT OF THORN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD. 185/189 JUDD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Although "ACDO" washes even grimy, greasy clothes spotlessly clean, it does not bleach colours. It retains their original rich beauty.

"ACDO" saves so much time and work, too. No scrubbing, no rubbing, is the "ACDO" way; therefore clothes last longer. That's why housewives in industrial areas, where clothes get really dirty, have used it for over 25 years.

Try it; you'll be delighted with its superiority.

"ACDO" cannot injure the daintiest fabrics or harm the most sensitive skin.

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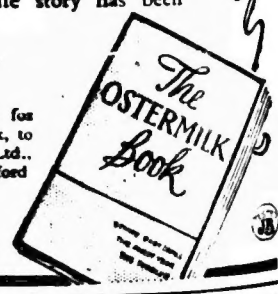
It's all about me

. . . . my arrival, my feeding, weight tables, weaning, ailments when I have any, first-aid, and extra food rations. No part of my life story has been neglected.

Send 3d in stamps for Ostermilk Baby Book, to Glaxo Laboratories Ltd., Dept. 979, Greenford Middlesex.



CYDER WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" IT

Once there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. But Cyder, like many other things, is now zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must unfortunately be denied it until zoning ends.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

FRY'S COCOA

with the real chocolate flavour

THE FAMILY FOOD DRINK

C.38.2146

Without Fear or Favour

WHAT PEACE MEANS

THIS IS THE TIME to rejoice. Not only because the slaughter is ended and the wave of destruction has passed, but because, also, in the turmoil of the frightful war we have won has been born a new age which we can fashion as we will.

The century of the Common Man is beginning.

Ancient dynasties are crumbling, reactionary Governments have fallen, the forces of privilege and wealth are no longer paramount.

In our own land a revolution has taken place without the spilling of a drop of blood.

A new class of rulers has been installed. Power has passed from the great landlords, the financial magnates and the old aristocracy to technicians, teachers, organisers, and other workers.

We have a Government pledged to pump new life into old industries, to establish freedom of opportunity for all, and to enlarge the system of social security.

TO PREVENT FUTURE WARS, a World Security Council has been set up. But at last the nations have learned that peace cannot be imposed by force of arms or maintained by pacts of mutual assistance. It must be evolved from prosperity and social justice, and for the first time there is an attempt being made to plan world trade and economics.

Above all, science offers betterment to the entire human race.

Ghastly as are the effects of the atomic bomb, the discovery that made them possible may prove to be the most beneficial since the beginning of agriculture enabled tribes to grow into nationhood. Within our time, maybe, toil will be abolished.

So, though we cannot forget the sufferings of the last six years, though we shall not long be able to ignore the titanic problems that crowd upon us, there are facts and hopes enough to lift up our hearts.

Peace is within reach. If people are wise enough, courageous enough, it will be a peace of finer living for all mankind.

The Editor

ATTLEE PLANS A RECORD YEAR

Shinwell Gets Busy. New Deal for Seamen? Gibson the Saver. Trouble over German Prisoners. Horror Films. Goodbye to Poppy Day. Darts on the Stage

THE BRIEF, UNFORGETTABLE SPELL of spectacular rejoicing in complete resounding victory will soon be over. In long grim years of endurance and sacrifice our people richly earned the right to the revelry that has marked the emergence of Britain and the world from the dark years of battle.

But we must look to the future. The road back to sanity and security for all will be long and hard.

So vast and complex are the difficulties of the years ahead that history, usually so useful in precedent for progress, offers little, if any, counsel to bewildered mankind beginning his atomic age existence. These difficulties must and will be overcome. And here in Britain we begin well.

Mighty Programme

The Government has been given the responsibility by our people of setting the nation upon its great adventure in national and international reconstruction. Now Britain knows the initial steps Labour proposes to take.

In the year ahead the Government plans a mighty programme of constructive legislation unequalled in the history of Parliament. Public ownership of the Bank of England, heart of the nation's financial life, is to be carried through. It will help the Government to regulate finance to the needs of the people.

This measure will be in the capable hands of Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Shinwell at Work

The long overdue nationalisation of the mines will be debated in October. Mr. Shinwell and his advisers are already hard at work on the legislation necessary. The bitter fight of the Opposition is not likely to swerve the Cabinet from its proclaimed objective.

New much-needed improvements in the facilities for acquiring land for community purposes; reconstruction of national insurance; implementation of the Education Bill with all possible speed—these were the bold businesslike proposals embodied in the King's Speech, though strangely there was no mention of transport.

The Nation First

These proposals can be summed up in a sentence. In all matters the Government proposes to place the interests of the nation first and the interests of profit-makers second. This does not rule out full scope for the honest, enterprising businessman or trader.

They have a great part to play in the creation of the new and better Britain—a Britain that shall become worthy of the great sacrifices made for it.

The people know that the Government's task is gigantic. They expect no miracles. They are reconciled to some time yet of acute shortage and difficulties of readjustment. They know that in the months ahead there can be no great improvements anywhere. The one thing they will not forgive is lack of courage—the failure to be perfectly frank with the nation about the facts of each great national problem.

Given these two things, the British people will back Mr. Attlee's administration to the limit.

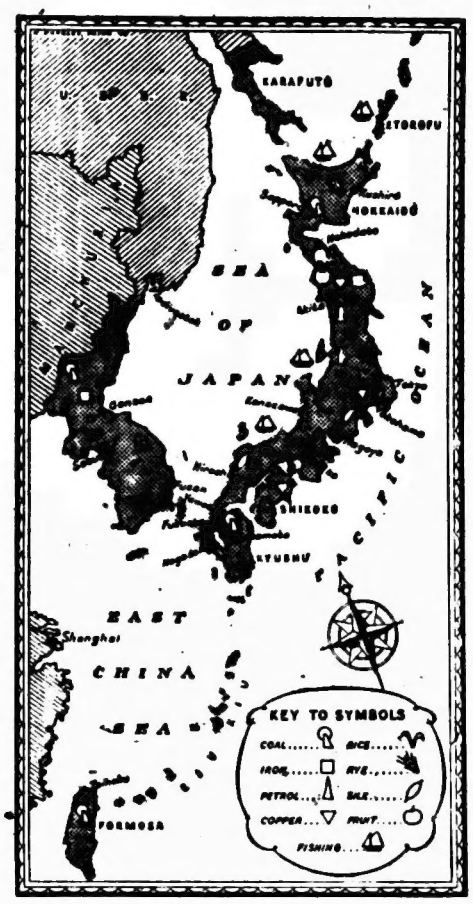
Britain's Better Ships

NOTHING HAS BEEN too good to say about our sailors—either Navy or Merchant Marine. Now nothing that can be done to improve their conditions should be neglected. There is plenty of room for improvement.

In 1937 recommendations were made by a Ventilation Committee. The war rendered them out of date.

Throughout the war, in all kinds of climatic conditions, ships met battle needs by carrying crews far exceeding the complements for which the ships were planned. Particularly in the tropics our sailors cheerfully endured almost impossible conditions. Better things should be in store.

Already the National Union of Seamen, under its leader, Charles Jarman, has prepared detailed practical plans to improve the living conditions of seamen.



This was the Japanese Empire before the latest period of aggression began in 1931.

By the Cairo Declaration, Japan will be stripped not only of the territories she seized during this war, but of Korea and Formosa, which were acquired in previous wars.

She will be left with 524 home islands, a total area a quarter larger than the British Isles, and a population half as big again as the population of the British Isles.

FREE HOUSEHOLD INSURANCE BENEFITS FOR EVERY READER

Readers not already registered or who have changed address or newsagent since registration can obtain Registration forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

First Steps

THE technique of air-conditioning has vastly advanced during the war. Its full application to ships plying tropical routes will bring big improvements.

Insulation, special painting, better lighting devices—all these things, say the experts, can improve the living conditions of the seamen.

The days of the "floating slum" are, we hope, nearing their end.

Smiles at the B.B.C.

WHEN THE B.B.C. switched over to post-war broadcasting the postal department prepared philosophically for a record stream of letters of complaint from indignant listeners. What with changed wavelengths, utility sets and technical hitches, the Corporation was ready for the worst.

But it just didn't happen. The B.B.C. actually received less than a 1,000 grouses from the millions of radio fans Smiling faces at the B.B.C. bore tribute to the forbearance and reasonableness of the public.

Serving Savings

NO MAN HAS PLAYED a greater part in the work of the National Savings Movement than Mr. George Gibson, veteran Trade Union leader, popular Brains-Truster and ex-Chairman of the T.U.C.

He is now advocating a comprehensive plan to adjust savings propaganda—needed as much now as ever—to the new peace conditions when the incentive to save is obviously less.

Mr. Gibson, incidentally, has just been in Paris with some National Savings Movement colleagues. They were invited there by the French Government to advise on the best methods of making France savings conscious.

Releasing Trouble?

THERE ARE DISQUIETING reports about German prisoner-of-war camps. It is being said that Nazi trouble-makers seem to find it rather easier to secure their return to Germany than less offensive prisoners.

If this is true, some action must be taken by the authorities to stop the rot.

One of the difficulties is the lack of trained linguists at the camps. Would it not be possible to utilise more extensively the services of civilian Germans who have been thoroughly examined by the Allied authorities and found reliable?

What, No War!

MOST OF THE War Correspondents upon whose despatches from every theatre of war we used to depend are now back in Fleet Street, trying to get used to civilian life again.

They did a grand job, and the high percentage of their casualties proved their devotion to their job. From Guy Byam, of the B.B.C., to Stanley Wills of the "Daily Herald," who was killed in Burma with General Wingate, newspapermen remember these fallen colleagues with gratitude and affection.

Would it not be possible to have some small memorial in Fleet Street itself to those who gave their lives to serve their newspapers and the public?

Aid for Limbless

TENS OF THOUSANDS of men have lost limbs during the war. There are grounds for some of their complaints that the development of artificial limbs

has not kept pace with other improvements of this mechanical and scientific age.

The British Legion is paying considerable attention to this matter, and the War Office might take more effective steps to encourage new ideas in this field.

The Last Poppy Day

IT IS NOT EXPECTED that there will be any more Poppy Days after the next one. The Government is now considering what appropriate form of annual memorial should commemorate VE- and VJ-Days.

We do not regret the end of the Poppy Day sales. It always seemed to us a somewhat shabby proceeding under which a nation bought little paper flowers to provide crippled heroes with modest comforts that the State was too mean to provide.

Common Wealth End?

THE COMMON WEALTH PARTY will hold a national delegate conference in London on September 16. It is likely to mark the end of this political meteor. At the moment majority opinion within it is in favour of dissolving the organisation

Those who hold this view argue that Common Wealthers should now join the Labour Party and devote themselves particularly to strengthening the Party's local organisation

Sir Richard Acland, Common Wealth's founder, favours this course. But he may have a job to persuade some of his supporters who still hold that Common Wealth has a political future.

He Walks Alone

Sole Common Wealth M.P. is Wing Commander E. R. Millington. He succeeded in holding Chelmsford, which he first won in a sensational by-election a few months ago.

If Common Wealth dissolves he will have to decide whether to plough a lonely furrow as an Independent or apply for membership of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

If he chooses the latter course there will be a warm welcome for him. Before the war he had played a leading part in the work of the Labour Party League of Youth.

Labour Youth

THE LABOUR PARTY'S YOUTH organisation appeared to decline considerably after 1934. But Transport House has noted with interest that a number of the League of Youth's former leaders are now on Labour's benches in Parliament.

Miss Alice Bacon, who won a Leeds seat, Mr. George Brown (Belper) and Mr. Will Nally (Bilston) all served on the League's National Committee for some years. Many other Labour M.P.s of the under 35 group were active league members.

All this, say Labour organisers, reinforces the case for revival of a strong Labour Youth Movement. It would, they argue, provide a much-needed reservoir of future local and national leadership. Developments along these lines are likely to be planned.

By-Election Headaches

UNTIL THIS GENERAL ELECTION it was always the Labour Party who had a long list of able men and women whose services were badly needed in Parliament but for whom no seats could be found.

Now the position is reversed. The Conservative Party Central Office is finding it a major headache. There is some argument going on about priorities for the return of the defeated as opportunity offers.

Mr. Ralph Assheton and Mr. Richard Law will return to strengthen the attentuated Tory benches at an early date. After that there will be something of a free for all. Younger Tories

WITHIN REACH

with Mr. Quintin Hogg, M.P., at their head are demanding the finding of a seat for Captain Peter Thorneycroft, brilliant young Tory who was beaten at Stafford. After that they want the emphasis on youth maintained.

Cloud Comfort

UNTIL RECENTLY passengers travelling by air to the Continent were wedged on narrow metal shelves that could scarcely be called seats. Now R.A.F. Transport Command is providing nearly all the comforts of home, so to speak.

Comfortable cushioned seats—even a neat little white luncheon box—are at the disposal of passengers. It is the beginning of big things in passenger facilities.

Meanwhile, a number of experienced young airmen who are now M.P.s are having informal chats. Prominent among them is Flt.-Lt. Frank Beswick, whose triumph over the then Minister of Food, Colonel Llewellin, at Uxbridge, was one of the Election sensations. They are pooling ideas and experiences designed eventually to provide a real air service for the people. We shall be hearing more about their ideas very soon now.

Aid for Santa

"IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS that mean so much," says the popular song. We agree. Here is a little matter that the Board of Trade should tackle now. Every wartime Christmas was befouled by racketeers who reaped rich rewards from selling rubbishy toys at record prices.

Action should be taken at once to ensure that this Christmas there are more and better toys at reasonable prices. It should be—it can be. Plan for it now.

Sir Stafford Cripps, Board of Trade President, will be too preoccupied to give this matter his personal attention. We suggest he asks one of his able young lieutenants—say, Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., to look into this matter.

Let Us Know

WE SHOULD HAVE a comprehensive review issued every month of the progress of demobilisation. We should be told plainly and simply what are the facts of the case when the demobilisation of certain specialised sections of the Armed Forces has to be delayed.

Lack of information will breed grumbles and grouses. Minister of War Jack Lawson with his assistant, Captain Fred Bellenger, have a tough time ahead.

They will find their heavy task lightened by making a point of keeping the nation supplied with the details about the great march of our men—and women—back to "civvy street."

Radar's Big Story

NEVER WAS THERE a bulkier official "handout" than the dossier issued to newspapers on Radar—which we used to call radiolocation. It would make a fair-sized book—and probably will. The Press, of course, has not had room for a tenth of it.

In two months radar changed the number of bombers we could send over a target in an hour from 100 to 1,000. It was used on D-Day by bombers, troop-carriers, naval units, landing craft. It will be employed in the peace as an infallible safety-first guide for shipping and aircraft.

But its uncanny accuracy can best be illustrated by stories that have not been told by Government or Press. The following is a fair example:

Then There Were None

The pilot of a bomber which attacked a German target in poor weather was met by a radar technician when he returned to base in Britain.

"Good show," said the radar man.

"How do you know? The boys are pretty sure we muffed it. The night was so filthy we couldn't see a thing—made us all browned-off."

"Well," said the radar man, "the factory you had to bomb had two big chimneys, and we used to take our range on them. They've disappeared since last night."

The Poona Spirit

IT IS A GOOD IDEA to get old soldiers to lecture green troops who are going overseas for the first time. But they should not be *too* old.

One draft of medical officers, bound for India, was favoured with an address by a veteran who wound up by saying: "Whatever else you do when you get out there, I hope you won't send up the price of polo ponies!"

Horror Gets By

IN GINGER ROGERS' new film, "I'll be Seeing You," there is a scene depicting a shell-shocked soldier in the throes of a bad attack of nerves. The sequence lasts some minutes, and is harrowing in its detail. So comforting for ex-shell-shock victims who may be in the audience.

Why Show It?

A recent news film shows Australian troops attacking a Jap strongpoint with flame-throwers.

It is right that our civilians should see the tough jobs our lads have had to do. But was it necessary to include a shot of a Jap soldier bolting from the strongpoint a mass of flame from head to foot?

Anxious Bookies

BOOKMAKERS IN THE FORCES are getting worried about their peace time prospects, particularly those who used to do business at the "dogs." Already there is a waiting list for bookies who want to lay the odds at various greyhound racing tracks.

While many of them have been away at the war others have taken their place. The old adage of "a mug being born every minute" must still hold good if there is all this rush to take the punter's money.

Racing Recipe

In spite of the rush to make a "book," some backers win. One of them has just given his golden rules to make racing pay. These include: always bet to win, keep to the same stake, increase after winning not losing, be guided by form.

So now you know!

Double Top

NOT LONG AGO darts was a public-house game. Now everyone plays and nobody more enthusiastically than the average American and Allied soldier who has first seen this game here. Darts is a stage spectacle, too.

Champions are getting big money and topping the bill at Variety theatres all over the country. They challenge the locals and surround the heads of glamorous young ladies with arrows. Big electrically lighted boards tell the audience the score. The Sunday newspapers are already planning mammoth peace-time tournaments.

AFTER THE ATOM: WHAT NEXT?

The atom fades from the headlines. Already we are asking "What else has Science in store?" Contacting research workers in every field, a JOHN BULL writer has recorded their answers

IN THE LONDON PUB where I've lunched on and off for a good many years there stands a pin-table. Ordinary enough, and yet remarkable.

For the crude-coloured picture background shows "The City of the Future."

Towers of metallic glass cut into a dazzling sky. Sleek aircraft, jet-propelled, dart among them. Everywhere are flowers and fountains.

As for the citizens, they all appear bronzed and young, in Grecian tunics.

Fact and Prophecy

A year ago I should have said this city, which for all its rawness of line and colour looks pretty good to me, was a fairly distant dream. But now that Science has released atomic energy, tapping the ultimate force which holds matter in shape, no feat of purely physical achievement is beyond us.

No longer can we dismiss as idle dreams such marvels as rocket travel, control of climate, the subjugation of non-living matter to our purposes.

These things will come.

Incidentally, we should be concerned to ensure that the building of that shining city means, also, the greater happiness of its citizens.

What else has Science in store for us besides this latest gift of vast material power?

In what ways may it benefit humanity directly?

Perhaps the answer lies, at least in some degree, in things which scientific workers have told me during recent conversations. Some of it is fact, the rest lies somewhere between fact and prophecy.

Spares for Our Bodies

In a London hospital within the last few months teeth have been extracted, examined, replaced in the socket, and induced, with the aid of penicillin, to take root once again.

Here is a small but highly useful advance. Far greater things are on the way. In our own lifetimes we may see spare parts supplied for the damaged human frame as quickly as for motor-cars. In America they have established Eye Banks, for example, in which corneal tissue (the cornea is the transparent substance which protects the lens) is stored for grafting when needed. The public are asked to bequeath their eyes to the Bank, for if removed within a few hours of death the cornea remains serviceable.

"Nerve Banks" are already in use in Russia. Medical authorities look forward to storing bone in the same way. A crushed thigh-bone may soon be replaceable.

If no human bone is available a synthetic bone may perhaps be used. The damaged tissues of a limb may be induced to reshape themselves along it. Already significant work on these lines has been done. Organs may soon be removed from the body for operation, and then returned.

The mystery of sleep has long eluded us. Drugs can produce imitation of the natural state, but refreshful waking is not among the benefits they confer.

Yet there is reason to think that the secret of natural sleep has been discovered.

Perhaps linked up with this discovery may come the control of epilepsy, cruellest of all afflictions. In this illness the central nervous energy of the body flows out in a disturbed rhythm. Science is within sight of discovering how to control the flow.

"Give Us Five Years . . ."

The research worker who told me this begged me not to arouse hopes unduly. "Five years," he said. "Give us five years, perhaps ten. . . ."

During the past year cancer has become in some respects a less formidable problem. The British Empire Cancer Campaign announces a new high-frequency treatment to take the place of the costly radium needle. A serum test to detect cancer in its earliest stages is also promised.

What of old age?

The name Ischlondsky is comparatively unknown, nor is this scientist's work accepted by general medical opinion, but in some circles it has raised extraordinary hopes. Noting that the pituitary gland, a small organ in the base of the skull, was a dominant factor in the human body. he devised a process by which the activity of this gland could be maintained and restored.

Working in England, he produced a substance from the organs of embryonic calves which is claimed to have astonishing effects in staving off the processes of age.

There is one medical man still living who, as the result of the treatment, has been able to return to surgery (always a job for the younger men), and performed a four-hour emergency operation at the age of seventy, having been restored to vigorous middle age.

The mysteries of sex-determination have yielded many of their secrets in recent times. Control of sex is now a reasonable possibility.

Thought without Language

The questions thus raised are beyond doubt tremendous. It would clearly be necessary for the State to control such knowledge to produce a well-balanced population. When coupled with various techniques for ensuring reproduction without intercourse—"A.I.D."—or even outside the body, the new knowledge might prove revolutionary by making the State breeding of specially selected human types a normal part of government.

Not long ago I saw a thornless blackberry, product of the John Innes Research Station at Merton.

In the United States, at Beltsville, Maryland, scientists have produced "tear-less" onions, "fluffless" peaches, hens that lay eggs in standard types and colours. Their male chicks all have a black stripe, so are immediately identifiable. An all-white-meat turkey is Beltsville's latest triumph.

Behind these minor achievements lies the possibility of man's creating not only new types, but new species. Hybrids—like the mule among animals and the loganberry among plants—do not breed. If they could be made to, new plants and animals could be "created" according to plan.

Already X-ray treatment of the eggs of the vinegar-fly, drosophila, has produced

This pear-shaped structure — the cyclotron — sixty-five feet high, is part of the vast apparatus used for splitting the atom at the Westinghouse Electric Co., in Pittsburgh, U.S.A.

astonishing monsters — red-eyed, long-winged, very different from any natural type of the fly. Were the same treatment to succeed with larger animals, we might see the most spectacular results.

Already twin calving at will is an accomplished fact, which must mean an enormous increase in the world's food supplies.

But what has all this to do with human happiness?

The answer is—everything, or nothing.

If we use our knowledge wisely, then the citizens of that "City of the Future" may be freer, better-balanced souls than we, their progenitors.

We are guilt-ridden, suspicious, incalculable beings. But "analytical psychology" is discovering the reasons for this. In some instances brain surgeons have been able to operate for the removal of worry from the human mind. By destroying or taking out a minute portion of the frontal lobe of the brain, specialists have converted certified melancholics into cheerful normal creatures.

Among other quests in this field, there is the secret of human thought. Already an electrically recorded pattern of thought impulses has been used to diagnose mental disorder. The encephalograph, as the instrument is called, is in its infancy. One day it may enable us to record and transmit thought without language—in a form which makes misunderstanding an impossibility.

A fantasy? Well, call it that if you will, but there are men of science who proclaim it a future certainty.

Take one more look at the pin-table picture. There is the city, smokeless, dirtless, let us hope sneezeless, lit at night by an artificial aurora, warmed night and day by devices for adjusting climate, powered by the atom.

Are they happy, these bare-limbed young gods and goddesses?

If we use our knowledge aright, I think they may be.

CLIFFORD TROKE.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, M.P.,

Lord Privy Seal

DEAR SIR,—You have been made responsible for organising much of the post-war reconstruction of Britain. Don't be secretive. The people of Britain want to know what you are doing.

They are tired of Governmental paternalism and administrative secrecy. They are not children to be told perpetually that Daddy knows best. They have had enough of sealed lips.

The Labour Government has nothing to hide. It is a people's Government and should be able to take the people into its confidence.

Tell them the facts—however unpleasant. Tell them all the difficulties involved. Then tell them what you propose to do about it, and when.

Sir Stafford Cripps has already made a good beginning by announcing at the earliest possible moment the situation in the cotton industry and his plans for meeting it.

Sir Ben Smith has told us what we may expect in the matter of food.

We await impatiently a similar pronouncement on housing, on the location of industry, on town and country planning, on the whole pattern of national reconstruction.

We want to know.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. G. Wells,

Teacher, Prophet and Novelist

DEAR MR. WELLS,—I shall not blame you if you are feeling annoyed.

From Bernard Shaw downwards, everyone who has written of the atomic bomb has inevitably had to refer to your astonishing prophecies on the subject—prophecies made two score years ago in such books as "The World Set Free." But few commentators have pointed out that you have been not only the major prophet of our age but the greatest crusader and teacher.

You have consistently urged that the only way to make Science safe for Man and to save the globe from destruction is a combination of world education and world federation. The first would train men to control the powers they have freed; the second would prevent war by abolishing frontiers and national jealousies.

At the age of seventy-nine, you are still right. Men and women everywhere must be trained as good citizens not merely of their own country but of the whole world.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Chuter Ede, M.P.,

Secretary of State for the Home Department

DEAR SIR,—One reform you might well put in hand at once concerns the stigma of illegitimacy.

The problem is more important than ever, since at the present moment something like 1,000 illegitimate children are born every week in this country.

However deplorable this state of affairs may seem, and whatever views may be held about the conduct of the parents, one thing is certain: in every case the child is innocent.

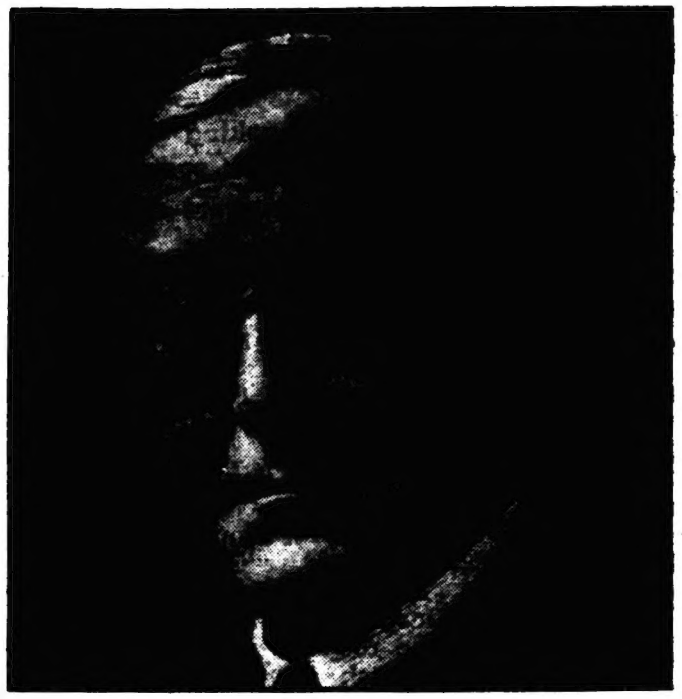
Why, then, must he be marked throughout life with the disgrace of illegitimacy?

No doubt for some purposes it is necessary to record the exact parentage of every member of the community. It is not necessary for birth and marriage certificates.

I hope you will bring in a Bill at the earliest opportunity providing for all birth and marriage certificates to be issued without a statement of parentage. The Bill should be retrospective, so that anyone asking for a copy of certificates issued at a previous date should receive it with these particulars omitted.

In this way the unfortunate children who, through no fault of their own, happen to have been born out of wedlock will be spared some of the humiliation they face when, to cite but two instances, they wish to enter for examinations or to qualify for posts which demand the production of a birth certificate.

The present system can openly brand them for the whole of their lives.—JOHN BULL.



Tell us all, Mr. Greenwood!

Rt. Hon. C. H. Hull, M.P.,

Secretary of State for the Colonies

DEAR SIR,—What are you going to do about the Colonies?

Some parts of the Empire are the most backward in the world. Others, such as the West Indian islands, have fallen into decay.

In the past there have been only two ways of treating colonies. Some were developed, like Kenya, as a paradise for privileged white settlers. Others, like the Sudan or Uganda, were carefully preserved as sanctuaries in which the natives could live their old tribal lives as little affected as possible by Western civilisation.

Neither of these methods is good enough. The days of privileged classes have gone for good. The development of air transport and wireless have made it impossible to cut off large sections of the earth from the main stream of civilisation.

The African, the Malay, the West Indian, the peoples of Borneo, New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands, have learned a lot in this war. They will want to learn more. They will claim the right to education and to citizenship in the new world.

Their countries are rich in natural resources. They have the minerals and the agricultural products which Britain herself lacks.

Now is the time to plan, not for ten, but for a hundred years ahead, to weld the home country and the Colonies into a single economic unit capable of standing up to the heavy competition which we must expect in the post-war world.

It will mean throwing over tradition and reconsidering the whole structure of the Empire. What are you going to do about it? Let us know your plans soon.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Little Things

NEVER DESPISE LITTLE THINGS. Never look down on little people.

The real indispensables are the little things and the little people; the infinite quiet moments; the countless devotions to dull duty; the millions of men and women who honestly and uncomplainingly just "carry on."

"Life is made up of little things," someone wrote, "and he that scorns them despises his own real interest. There is an old and true saying, "Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves." This may be rendered, "Take care of the little things, and the more weighty matters will be likely to be well done."

Every now and then someone, somewhere puts his hand for a moment on the lever of history, guides the destinies of nations, and then as suddenly disappears. But the little men and the little women, without whom he would have been powerless go on. Life stabilises itself because of them, not because of the brilliant shooting stars that flash across men's horizons.

The greatest results in this world are achieved by small but continued exertions. If you think life is dull, remember that and be comforted.

Argument

The atom bomb might have wrecked the world

SHOULD MANKIND HALT SCIENCE?

Yes

1. The scientists, when they first split the atom, jokingly remarked that the result might be "a new star"—that is, that the blazing destruction of the whole world might have lit the heavens.

2. Was this joke such a good one from the layman's point of view? It is true that precautions were taken to prevent it coming true—but what if they had failed?

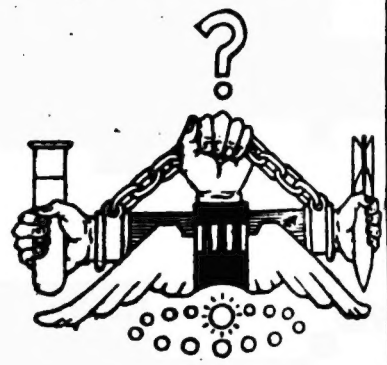
3. Great thinkers of the past admitted their duty was first to humanity. Leonardo da Vinci destroyed the plans of certain of his inventions, among them the submarine, as too dangerous for human use.

4. The modern scientist admits no loyalty save to science. Plainly, we dare not tolerate this.

5. With atomic power, science has presented mankind with an invention so terrible that it must not be developed to the full. Frankenstein's monster destroyed its maker.

6. Science as we know it belongs only to the last 200 years, a period in which man's physical power has leapt far beyond his self-control.

7. Science is a tool. A tool must not control its user. The savage who picks up a stone so sharp that it cuts his hand discards it for a safer weapon. Science has proved too sharp a tool for man to handle.



No

1. Man is a "questing beast." He is driven towards new knowledge by an urge there is no escaping. Check it and you imperil the human soul.

2. All the best brains of humanity are devoted to research of one kind or another. Are the lesser brains to dictate to the greater?

3. Scientists are not inhuman monsters. One of the greatest is a celebrated Catholic divine. Do not blame the scientists for the ill uses to which their work is put.

4. Control and guidance of science may be possible. To halt it is unthinkable. In some uncharted region a group of men might continue research, and suddenly dominate the world.

5. Doubtless the primitive man who first sought to control fire was told by his neighbours that his new idea was too dangerous to use.

6. The uninstructed mind always fears the new. Poison gas is no worse than high explosive as a maimer, certainly less deadly than a bayonet wound in the bowels. Yet it was decried as inhuman by fools.

7. The atomic bomb is destructive, but the power it represents can bring peace and undreamed prosperity to man.

BEWARE: Worthless Land for Sale

Across seven counties a great new land racket is spreading. JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator gives a warning to all with a bit of money to invest . . .

MEN DEMOBBED from the Forces, with their gratuities in their pockets, are the target of a new and growing racket in land.

Speculators have lately been buying up ole farms or big patches of derelict land, d advertising it, in "lots" or "parcels," for all-holdings.

The bait held out is just what many ex-rvicemen are looking forward to on their return civilian life, a small-holding on which pigs d poultry can be reared, agricultural produce wn and sold at a reasonable profit; in other rds, a healthy, open-air living for themselves d their families in pleasant country surround-s.

But the Ministry of Agriculture, either ectly or with the aid of the various county r agricultural committees in different parts of e country, are anxiously concerned about the oblem. If a wide warning is not given, many these men will lose their money.

When these speculators first began their erations before the end of the European war, ey mostly used literature sent through the post attract likely buyers. But advertisements are w appearing more and more in local papers—development that I have brought to the notice the Advertising Association and other bodies ose aim it is to prevent readers from being ceived by dubious announcements.

Some of the literature describing the small-ldings is so convincing that already some ople have even bought land without seeing it.

Their disillusionment came when they in-ected it. They found it, in some cases, water-gged and derelict, with clumps of trees, bracken, rze, heather, sedge and gorse making it prac-cally unworkable.

Clever Salesmanship

The building of cottages is also mentioned in me schemes, although Town and Planning gulations prohibit their construction without ecial permission.

"Back to the Countryside" is the slogan of e land scheme that is being run from a concern lled "The Dorset, Devon and Somerset Central tate Office," whose headquarters are at Strick-nd, near Blandford, Dorset.

This title, I find upon investigation, is only nother name for a notorious concern, about hich I have been receiving information for ears, named the Milton Abbey Estates.

Its chief administrator was once known as a big noise" in the City. There he was sur-ounded by companies which mostly earned the istinction of frittering away the money of their areholders, or ending up by being either dis-olved or wound up in liquidation.

Colonel Octavius Edmund Eaton is his full ame. His home is at "Hoylake," Spurhill Avenue, arkstone, Dorset—a magnificent house, in a fine tting, not far from Bournemouth.

There is, for reasons that are obvious to those ho know his past history, no mention of Colonel aton's name on the literature. Nevertheless, he very active behind the scenes.

Most of the work is done by a Bournemouth uctioneer named A. S. Knight.

The printed matter issued by the "Dorset, evon and Somerset Estate Office" describes what suggested as a great "opportunity for land and ottages to be bought owing to the splitting up f estates."

One circular recently issued from the Strick-nd office is headed by a pretty picture of a arge estate, near Wareham, Dorset. It epicts high downs, extensive heathland, and ovely Lulworth coastal scenery. Poole Harbour, orfe Castle and the beautiful Purbeck Hills are n the distance.

A. S. Knight of Bournemouth conducts an auction. On the right you see the kind of land offered for sale. And, as building of any kind may be prohibited by local authorities, caravans are used by some of the settlers

The plots described are in three, five or ten acre sections, purchasable at from £20 to £30 an acre. It is possible, so the story continues, to pay an agreed deposit down and to settle the balance over a period.

Much is made of the fact that the land is freehold, and its alleged accessible position to big towns is put in the words: "It is on a good main road—Wareham, Dorchester to Lulworth coast—is only about two miles from the excellent market town of Wareham, and fifteen from Bournemouth, which has excellent shopping facilities."

I went down there recently, and about the only thing I can agree with in the literature is the fact that "for small-holdings an opportunity presents itself in a beautiful area of Dorset."

The surroundings may be very beautiful, but tragedies can happen in their midst just as easily as anywhere else.

Water runs over your shoes as you approach the estate. It did over mine. A good deal of the land is boggy and settlers take months to clear away the undergrowth and trees.

The local council, the Wareham and Purbeck Rural District Council, will not agree to buildings or temporary dwellings there. The result is that some of the settlers are living in caravans and rudely made hutments, without decent sanitation and with their only water supply a stream half a mile away.

This stream is so swollen at some times of the year that much of the land goes under water.

Agricultural Committee Steps In

While applications for particulars of plots can be made to either Knight or the Strickland office, the fact remains that, long before Mr. Knight held a special auction to sell some, when the scheme was in its infancy in 1943, the Wareham and Purbeck Council told Eaton *in writing* that they objected to small pockets of sporadic development of such land; and they were of the opinion that most of it was only suitable for afforestation.

Since then the Dorset War Agricultural Committee held an inquiry and found that the land was "not suitable for agricultural crops owing to serious lack of plant requirements. Portions might be suitable for afforestation. . . ."

Yet earlier investors, in print, were told that the land was very suitable for development as agricultural holdings, market gardens, fruit orchards, and so on.

Mr. Knight conducted another auction of plots of split-up land at Treborough, Somerset, a few months ago. The local County War Agricultural Committee took preliminary action here, however. When Mr. Knight mounted the stand he was greeted by cat-calls and derision.

This land racket is not confined by any means to the one area which I have mentioned. It spreads into some six counties. Literature from the Strickland estate office is also offering for sale land and other property in Devon, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Derby and Staffordshire.

Take Official Advice

One current offer is the sale, either cash down or by instalments, of ten acres of woodland, with views to Alton Towers, part of the *late* estate of Lord Shrewsbury round the Churnet River valley. While literature concerning other offers has been vaguely worded, the following paragraph appears in relation to this particular project:

"The offer for sale is made subject to all local Town Planning, Ribbon Development and War Agricultural Committee Building and Layout Regulations, as well as the Vendor's Stipulations and Special Conditions of Sale. Therefore purchasers shall be deemed to have full knowledge of same, and no contract shall be rescinded on the ground of want of knowledge of same."

But why does the estate office at Strickland not think it wise to state plainly and clearly in *all* printed matter what these conditions are? Obviously the vendors have good reason to cover themselves.

In view of the facts given here, every prospective small-holder who may be attracted by one or another of the leaflets from Strickland should be on his guard.

Especially to men coming from the Forces do I issue this warning:

If you are buying land, either cash down or by instalments, find out first, from someone who knows, if the land is really suitable for agricultural development. Find out, too, if it is possible, and permissible, to build a home on that land.

Go to the local council offices always, and—while they remain in existence—to the local War Agricultural Committees. Don't be afraid to ask questions. These bodies have all the details of their local Town and Country Planning Schemes and can give expert advice. They are authorised by the Ministry of Agriculture to do so as far as is reasonably possible.

Finally, I must stress again—don't put money down without first seeking advice.

There are, of course, many honest land sellers who are not among the speculative class. They handle only good propositions. But my advice still holds because they will not resent questions no matter how personal and searching they may be.

REVOLUTIONARY PEACE

The San Francisco Charter is already out of date. A far more revolutionary handling of the problems of Peace is urgently needed

THANK GOD IT IS OVER! Victory complete and unequivocal has come. After six years of unspeakable horror the world is at peace.

We bow our heads in thankfulness for our deliverance, but in our hearts is the chill of fear.

Twenty-six years ago we celebrated another peace with confident rejoicing. The world had learned its awful lesson. "Never again" would this thing happen. "Never again" would it seek self-destruction in universal war. We had won "the war to end war." Never again should the peace be broken.

We are wiser to-day. We know that "war to end war" is an illusion, and that the Victory of Peace can never be won by the agency of war. Satan cannot be cast out by Beelzebub.

Inevitable and Life-Saving

Peace can only be won by the Will to Peace and by a change of heart in the world.

This lesson is enforced by the terrific revelation which has hastened the end of the Japanese war.

The wisdom of unleashing the atomic bomb has been questioned on the grounds that the war would have been won without it, and that so awful a discovery ought not to have been disclosed.

I think this view is mistaken. The atomic bomb unquestionably saved life by shortening the war, and the view that so mighty a fact could be concealed is childish.

All the belligerents were possessed with the idea. All of them were hot in pursuit of it. The war had become a race between the scientists of the world for the most effective instruments of destruction, and the atomic bomb was the culminating goal of their search.

Mercifully we reached the goal first. Mercifully we alone possess the secret and its astounding potentiality.

United by Unleashed Power

But the idea that it was our duty to the world and to peace to hide the fact of discovery will not hold water. Nothing could have prevented its discovery elsewhere sooner or later, and the shadow of the enormous peril that overhung the world would have darkened and frustrated the peace.

It is well that the fact is out while the horrors of war are still vivid in the mind of the world and while the peace is in the making. It confronts us with the stark alternative of abolishing war or of annihilation.

If we cannot control this cosmic power we are all doomed together. It changes the whole character of war and the whole material and technique of war.

Beside this monster, guns and tanks, armies and navies, become as irrelevant as bows and arrows or knights in armour. It can move mountains, obliterate nations, make a universal desert of the earth.

In the presence of this unchained power, the world is made one in its awful

HUMANITY'S LAST HOPE

helplessness. Our national rivalries become as negligible as the discussions of a parish council.

It brings all the ends of the earth within the orbit of a common destruction. There is no escape though we flee to the islands of the utmost sea. Continents cannot confer "isolation," nor oceans protection.

The human family is no longer at war within itself. It is at war with the elemental powers of the universe. The fact that we have ourselves released those powers does not make them less terrible.

In the light of all this, the whole problem of the Peace is transformed. The idea of collective security takes a new and sensational meaning. We have sought it, and still se it, as a means of preventing war betwe members of the human family.

But the atomic bomb gives the idea a mo tremendous significance. Collective securi is still the only guarantee of peace within t human family, but it has now become, al the only defence against the giant power wit out, which, uncontrolled, threatens th family with universal destruction.

Happily, the key to that defence is in o hands. It should dominate all our Pea counsels. I would have the walls of the Co ference chamber blazoned with the warnin "Remember the atomic bomb!"

If we heed that warning, we have th power, through collective action, to avert th

COST OF WAR

FIGURES published last January estimate the amount spent on the war as follows:

United States	**£58,500,000,000**
British Empire	**£29,000,000,000**
Russia	**£25,000,000,000**
Total	**£112,500,000,000**

That is money spent. If such things as loss of trade, loss of foreign investments, and so on, could be computed the cost would rise astronomically.

The British Commonwealth's total casualties to the end of the European war, killed, missing, wounded and prisoners, including the Merchant Navy and civilians, totalled 1,427,634. Of these 398,563 were killed.

The Home Guard lost, on duty, 1,206 killed and 557 wounded. 60,585 civilians were killed in Great Britain and 86,175 injured seriously enough to be detained in hospital.

by A. G. GARDINER

l. But we must strike now while the iron ot, while our sense of urgency is intense, re the mould of new world order has n shape.

The immediate responsibility is ours. We ess the secret. It is British and American ntists who have released the monster ore whom the world stands in awe.

It is for British and American statesmanto show the world that we hold the secret rust for humanity.

We are, by God's grace, in the position to e the greatest contribution to world peace security that history records. The conon of the gift is that it shall become the ner-stone of collective security and of the world structure.

This condition will be fulfilled by making control of the new power the most solemn gation of the United Nations, and hedging t control round with the most indestructe guarantees and defences.

If this is accomplished, the invention of atomic bomb, which has made the whole ld shudder with fears of incalculable ruin, y prove to be the most beneficent and olutionary event in human history.

For the collective control of atomic energy uld not only make the peace of the world ure beyond all conceivable challenge: it uld make the whole world rich with unamed-of sources of power and opulence.

All turns upon the effectiveness of the ntrol. And that depends upon the intensity the Will to Peace that inspires the United tions in the task before them.

Changed World Outlook

As the San Francisco Charter stands it arks a splendid stride forward in the organsation of World Peace. But that Charter presented the highest possible before the omic bomb changed the outlook of the rld.

If it were redrawn to-day we cannot doubt at it would be more courageous. Under it e control of the giant power now discovered the world would mainly fall within the scope the Security Council, which is the executive dy of the new world organisation. But the wers to be vested in that body are quite inequate to the needs and possibilities opened by the atomic bomb.

That momentous weapon calls for a much ore revolutionary handling of the problem world settlement than was practicable at an Francisco.

Two Clear Alternatives

It has made the alternative before us ore marked and inescapable. Either we end ar or the atomic bomb ends us.

In the face of this alternative, now so imeratively defined, the United Nations must eshape their attitude to the Peace. The overeign rights of nations must no longer imeril the sovereign right of the world to exist t all.

The atomic bomb places us all under sence of death together, unless we obey its tern command to outlaw war, to substitute he reign of law in the settlement of interational differences, and to enforce the world's ill to Peace through the world's international police force.

The door of our prison is locked on the nside. We have but to turn the key to escape o light and freedom.

Six years of organised destruction cannot lead to a swift return to normal. HANNEN SWAFFER discusses everyone's question:

When Will They Come Home?

WORLD PEACE WAS ANOTHER Atom Bomb. It came with dramatic suddenness, as dramatic at that with which the first was hurled. It made as old-fashioned many well-worked-out Demobilisation plans as were made big battleships, vast armies and mighty air-fleets when a death-dealing missile of incalculable power fell on Hiroshima.

Atom Bomb No. 1, in destroying a town, caused millions of airmen, bluejackets and soldiers to say: "Boys, we belong to an era that is now dead." Atom Bomb 2—the announcement that the war was over—made all those same millions ask: "When are we going home?"

Disgruntled Men

Now that the war has ended with such unexpected swiftness, every man and woman in all the Forces will demand instant release. In every quarter of Western Europe, in many parts of Africa and in Burma, India and outlying parts of Asia, one thought will dominate countless minds: "I must get home!"

Already there are pouring into the postbags of every M.P. and every newspaper office in the land scores and scores of letters from disgruntled serving-men. I quote, from my own, three typical samples:

"Surely it is very unjust that chaps up to 15 years above the present call-up age should still be in the Forces, many with no hope of release for many months."

"The Lost Legion on a harbour hulk at Rosyth cannot get their Demob, even though everywhere else group numbers double and treble theirs are already gone. The ship, which cannot go to sea, is just an overflow and transit base where men are held on to do useless and demoralising jobs over and over again. They have no value except to keep redundant officers who have been dug in for years in some show of a job."

Voted for Peace

"Men in the R.A.F. with the medical category 'Grade 3, U.K. only,' and unfit even for Western Europe, demand release because they are useless. Some are in a bad way. Bravely they carried on through the difficult days, under grievous handicaps, compelled frequently to report sick. One man here reported at sickbay as many as four times a day. It was stated that men of low categories would be among the early releases. This has not happened."

These, which reached me days before there was any hope of an early peace, give only slight indication of the varied growls.

Men write me from the Middle East, bitter because, in their view, Churchill was keeping a large force near the Levant "in case of more trouble in Greece, where he wants to keep a king upon the throne.

They send, from Italy, angry letters full of bitterness about the leave system.

They dread a long occupation of Germany, monotonous and dull.

They implore me to use my influence to obtain their release from useless and costly home service.

Churchill did not know, until the declaration of the poll, that almost the entire lower ranks of the three Services had voted against him—that millions in the Forces believed that, while they hated war and the massing of vast fighting strength, he loved it.

In the Potsdam parade, it was not he, but Clement Attlee who got the soldiers' cheers.

When, in 1940, the call came—"Save Britain or perish!"—our manhood and women responded without a murmur. But it was because the country was in peril and not with any boasts of "What we have, we'll hold."

Now the job is done, everyone resents waiting about, doing unnecessary drills, coming to a hundred salutes in a half-hour's walk, idleness, boredom, and futility.

They see Americans going home on British super-liners. They see Canadians allowed to leave our shores because some of them rioted at Aldershot. They, however, only hear, "Shipping is short."

Fortunately for the Forces, there are now in the highest places in the War Office and the Admiralty men who have themselves served in the ranks and who are full of sympathy for the discontented millions, if only because they themselves once had grievances.

Demoting Brass Hats

Jack Lawson was only a gunner when peace came in 1918. Now he is Secretary for War. His humanity is abundant. An exminer, he is "one of the people." And he has as his second in command Captain Fred Bellinger, who rose from the ranks in the last war, and who ever since 1939 has been "The Soldiers' M.P."

Then "Stoker Edwards" is chief assistant to the First Lord of the Admiralty, himself of working-class origin.

Normally, it is the heads of the Services who stand in the way of rapid Demobilisation. They believe in large forces.

This time—everyone in the ranks must remember this when they get impatient—that attitude will be reversed. With Labour at the top everywhere, Brass Hats will have much less power.

Ernest Bevin, when he was at the Ministry of Labour, arranged categories which, in his view at least, would be fair to everybody. He abolished the "essential man" idea because he knew how, in 1918, it led to graft and gave a preference to those who had "influence" or were the relatives of employers. He did his best to see that those who were the first in should be the first out.

Even as it is, discontent is likely to spread. For now that "the war is over and the fighting's done," irritation is natural.

In such an hour, I counsel patience and calm.

Men overseas may reply: "Yes, it is easy for you. You are not in the Army."

I can see, though, what cannot be seen by men overseas—the complexities of the problems involved, and the splendour of the opportunities that lie ahead.

Call for Patience

The instant release of millions of men and women would cause only chaos and confusion that would increase the anxieties and the suffering.

The wheels of Industry must be set in motion again; or else demobilised men will have no work. Homelessness must be tackled, otherwise many will have nowhere to sleep. Shipping is needed, not merely for the return of soldiers but for sending food to starving Europe; the alternative is epidemics that will spread across the Channel and cause here deaths on the scale that accompanied the influenza plague of 1919, one more deadly than the war itself.

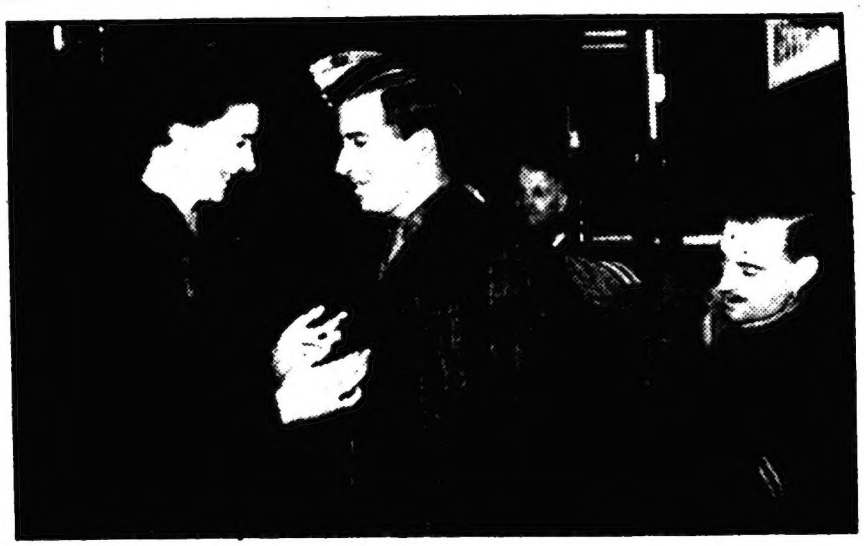
Then serving men must realise that, if the high promise of the King's Speech is fulfilled, the new era that is already ushered in will guarantee a higher standard of life and security for all.

It cannot be done in a minute. No magic wand can, in an instant, wave away all the results of six years of destruction.

The mighty task in front of the Cabinet needs more than the unceasing labours of Clement Attlee and his colleagues. It calls for the willing co-operation of every person in the land. It demands self-restraint and self-discipline.

The British nation has, for six desperate years, toiled and sweated and poured out its blood and its treasure, to save Mankind.

Now it must possess calmness, to save itself.



One man on the way back to Civvy Street is fitted with his demob suit—many thousands will pass out in the same way as conditions at home permit

Jap airmen, like Jap soldiers and sailors, have been trained to ruthlessness. Will they be docile under Allied occupation?

PUZZLE OF THE JAP

by WILLIAM EMPSON

former English lecturer at Tokyo

Their police system makes the *Gestapo* look gentle. They have millions of trained soldiers and 300 years of totalitarian rule behind them. So the Allied occupation of Japan is likely to be the toughest, most puzzling job of all.

IN THE THREE YEARS I lived in Tokyo the Japanese were making their first onslaughts against the Chinese. They called it the "Manchurian Incident."

I was a lecturer in English Literature at the University, and I certainly enjoyed it—after the first year.

I found I liked quite a number of the students and teachers I had to deal with, and I have no grouse against the country.

I must admit, however, that I was happier doing the same job in war time China for about a tenth of the salary.

That was in 1937-39, when we were all refugee professors and students, and it was pleasanter, not on account of any racial difference between Chinese and Japanese, but because of the very big difference in the political set-up.

At Tokyo the students were constantly under the eye of the police. The system was so strict that if the least suspicion of a liberal opinion popped out in my lectures the students would giggle—exactly as students in this country might giggle if a lecturer talked too openly of sex.

In Japan a liberal opinion was a secret thing.

If you asked the boys to tea, the boldest one (if he got to trust you) might whisper the secret excitedly as he was leaving. It would seem to him a piece of great wickedness and daring.

But what he actually said might have come from the most reactionary Tory candidate in England without exciting the slightest surprise.

"Best Soldier in the World"

A large number of these "liberal" Japanese youngsters were in due course killed by the political police. What kept them even more in check was the knowledge that if they came under the least breath of political suspicion they would never be able to get a job. They would simply have to starve.

Even so, the students were a small minority of the population, and those who chose English Literature were hardly typical. Any kind of liberal opinion was confined to a small minority in the big towns.

I can't tell you what the great mass of the Japanese people are thinking at the moment. I don't think anybody at this side of the world can.

I don't think the Japanese know themselves.

In Germany, most Germans are willing enough to start work on reconstruction. It is the displaced persons whom the Germans have ruined who make trouble.

In Japan, it's going to be a very different matter. For one thing, the main force of the Japanese army will not have been defeated in the field.

The Japanese are bound to persuade themselves that the atomic bomb was an unsportsmanlike trick, if not an unjustifiable atrocity, and that, man for man, the Japanese soldier is still unbeaten, still the best in the world.

There are nine millions of these undefeated troops in Japan itself.

There are between two and three millions overseas. Some of them have been away for eight, ten, even twelve years.

Police Oversee Everything

They have never been allowed back. The rulers of Japan have not dared to let them come home, even on leave.

At home the Japanese are the most rigidly policed people in the world. They are required to be careful and tidy, and very polite to one another.

The police even supervise the annual Spring-cleaning. They see that every house is emptied, the wood-framed straw mats which make the flooring taken out and cleaned, the empty shell washed down.

But Japanese troops abroad have been officially encouraged to rape and loot and ill-treat subject populations. It's difficult to imagine what would happen if they were sent home now and turned loose on the passive Japanese people.

Dangerous Days Ahead

I am afraid that in any case the military occupation of Japan is going to be a difficult and dangerous job. There's going to be sabotage and shooting in the back, with very little chance of finding out which hut the shot came from.

It's going to be very difficult to choose reliable Japanese to carry on even the routine business of administration. The thoroughness of the Japanese police and education system has left no Japanese who could be called in any sense "pro-Ally."

Hence the proposal to continue a Government through the Emperor. If he can be used, and discredited in the process, good and well.

But there's always the risk that the Japanese themselves will be able to rig the Emperor system more smartly than any outsiders. We shall have to be careful.

The Time Will Come

What, then, are the prospects?

I think in the immediate future the military occupation of Japan is going to be difficult, dangerous and unpleasant.

It is going to be more difficult and dangerous than Germany, where I am told our men get an average of two nights' sleep a week.

But, in the long run, there is nothing wrong with the Japanese.

They have been subjected to a rigorous totalitarian rule, not for thirteen years, like the Germans, but for three hundred years. Successive militarist governments have had to work hard to suppress decent feeling among the Japanese people.

It will take time for it to grow again, but we should see a difference in rather less than a generation—say, twenty years.

It is all a matter of having the plan right at the start, and the patience to wait. Twenty years is not a long time in the history of the world.

Knee-deep in muddy water, women plant out rice—and are always subservient to their fanatical men-folk

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Atom Smashing

CURIOUS THINGS have been happening to my post-bag. Letters arrive daily asking all sorts of questions about atom-splitting. Funnily enough, they are all in similar handwriting. And this writing closely resembles that of my Constant Reader, Hezekiah Shufflebeam.

I can only assume that he has read so many different reports about atom-splitting and its effects that he has become atomised himself. Now each fragment thinks it is someone else and writes letters to me.

Here are some letters with answers prepared by myself in collaboration with Professor Weed, who has himself suffered from split personality for years.

DEAR SIR,—I am an armaments manufacturer by trade, and I am very worried about this atomic bomb. I and my vast research staff had just developed a super-bomb which we had affectionately called "Fifty-ton Flossie" (after my eldest daughter). Now that is all wasted. Besides, they say this bomb may abolish war altogether, so my business will be ruined and myself and my dear family face starvation. What shall I do?

ANSWER: Put your vast research staff on to developing: (*a*) Unbreakable china; (*b*) a noiseless alarm clock; (*c*) a substitute for dried eggs.

Sir,—I am a coalowner and I am told that atom power will entirely take the place of coal in the future. I look like becoming the owner of a useless property. After all, the mine's mine, and I intended to leave it to my children.

ANSWER: All right, leave it to them. Atom power will be their worry, not yours. Better still, let yourself be nationalised, then the Government will take over your worries.

GENTLEMAN (if I may so address you).—Having attained the rank of General and seen gruelling service in the War Office through the Boer War, the Great War and the present conflict, I can only say that the atomic bomb is a monstrous invention. When I was a young lieutenant in M'bonga-M'bonga, a couple of platoons was enough to send against the Fuzzy-wuzzies. In the next war we shall have to send millions of men into the field in order to stand up to these bombs. I fear that trenches and such fine weapons as rifles, Maxim guns and howitzers will all become obsolete. The atomic bomb should be outlawed forthwith, and army barracks once again echo with the glad cry: "Back to the Bayonet!" What do you think?

ANSWER: Your best plan is to make a pile of all your text-books and military plans and to sit on top. Then, underneath, place an atomic bomb and . . . but need we say more?

My dear sir,—I am the captain of an Atlantic liner, s.s. *Kleptomania*. They say that liners will now run to America and back on a teacupful of fuel. What about my engines?

ANSWER: Don't start to worry now. The tea-cup shortage will go on for a long time yet.

Dear Mr. Fox,—I am an ordinary housewife. (*a*) Will this atom abolish fish queues? (*b*) When I go for a holiday next year, shall I be able to travel by atom train? (*c*) The papers make it all sound so wonderful. What effect will it have on my daily life in the next few years?

ANSWER: (*a*) No. (*b*) No. (*c*) None.

Free Speech

It's Not Peace for Everybody

The landlord's side. Fraulein's stock has fallen. Surface shelters become death-traps. Why harrow the bereaved? Cheap goods can be too costly. An idea for really fresh fish

EVERYBODY REJOICES at the Japanese surrender. Naturally I am glad. But the surrender brings no peace to me. You see, my husband is still a prisoner in Japanese hands.

I have been appalled at the general lack of interest in the Far Eastern war. In fact, it took the atomic bomb to blow Japan into the main newspaper headlines. I heard a lot of people asking why, when we had this weapon, we should allow the Japs to "save face." They said, "Why not drop atomic bombs all over Japan and blow them to hell?" I could tell them why—because my husband, and some 43,000 other prisoners of-war, would be wiped out, too, if not by the bombs, then almost certainly by the Japs in revenge.

No, I cannot stop worrying yet. I have read that there is no record of even where many prisoner-of-war camps are, and it may take months to find them. They *must* be found, and found quickly. The return of prisoners should be a No. 1 Priority job. And on their return these men should be immediately demobilised and exempt from further service.—MRS. M. H., Clapham Common, S.W.4.

Snob at the Seaside

WHEN I WAS IN BOURNEMOUTH on leave last week I went into a café without my jacket and with my shirt sleeves rolled up It was very hot. An over-

"I'll stay in the Forces"

dressed woman stage-whispered: "I'd have them thrown out if I were manager." If this is the ordinary attitude to men not in uniform, I'll stay in the Forces.—K. A. W., Croydon.

Landlord's 2 per cent.

I OWN A MODERN detached house and garage let at 30s. a week. Out of this £78 a year I receive £19 11s. after income tax, ground rent, war damage and fire insurance have been paid.

This is less than £20 a year on a capital outlay of well over £1,000—less than 2 per cent.—is not so good, is it? Yet no one sympathises with landlords.—J. BERRY, 63, Portland Road, Russell Street, Nottingham.

Stolen Sweets

MAY I ADD A postscript to the now (happily) outworn subject of fraternisation? It may set the minds of some wives at rest. From the moment the ban was lifted a gradual reaction set in. Remarks about the broken Germans are heard again. The savour of stolen sweets has gone and so has the inclination of the average soldier to go out with a fraulein.—PTE. C. SAUNDERS, 112, Ledbury Road, Paddington, W.2.

Selfish Mother

CHILDREN WHO TRAVEL half-fare on trains, trams and buses should be compelled by law to give up their seats if required Recently, after I had given up my seat to an elderly person, I touched a healthy, sturdy youngster on the shoulder and suggested that he should stand. His mother, sitting opposite, leaned over quickly and told him, "Stay where you are."—CLIFFORD ANFORTH, 33, Kibble Crescent, Burnley, Lancs.

No Longer Safe

MORE THAN A HUNDRED road deaths a month—it is not all the fault of cyclists and motorists. The air raid shelters that still remain are a menace. I have held my breath when I have seen youngsters running between surface shelters into the narrow road space. The authorities responsible for the removal of such road traps must act.—SIR WILLIAM BRADSHAW, J.P., 79, Harrowby Road, Grantham, Lincs.

Fed Up with Civvy Street

I WAS DISCHARGED from the Army in July, 1943, as ceasing to fulfil Army requirements. Among other injuries, I had a broken leg, but I'm better now except that I cannot move my knee properly. What I would like to know is whether I can get back into uniform when it's all right again? Surely I could have a light job among the occupation forces. I'm absolutely browned off with Civvy Street. —T. A. LATHAM, 83, Hanover Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

Way with Weeds

AS A PROFESSIONAL GARDENER, I was interested in your letter mentioning a flame-thrower for getting rid of weeds (JOHN BULL, July 28). Last year, I tackled a positive wilderness with a painter's blow-lamp and soon got rid of ground elder, groundsel and other blights. It's the simplest thing in the world to turn on the heat and direct the flame towards the roots.—D. BALL, 88, Moncrieffe Street, Walsall, Staffs.

Iniquitous Formalities

MY WHOLE BEING RISES up against the cold heartedness of red tape authority which, nine months after a boy is posted missing from the R.A.F., can send to a broken-hearted mother a bundle of papers dealing with death duties payable on the few paltry possessions the lad leaves behind. The question is even asked: "Who paid the funeral expenses?" Cannot this iniquitous and harrowing practice be discontinued?—KENNETH G. GREET, Minister at the Methodist Church, Ogmore Vale, Glamorgan.

Query for Examiners

A FEW DAYS AGO I had to prepare a series of sugar solutions for students taking the Oxford and Cambridge Higher School Certificate Botany Examination. This meant obtaining a permit for 1 lb. of sugar—not a lot, perhaps, for my

". . . a permit for 1 lb. of sugar"

pupils, but think of the amount needed for students all over the country. The examiners could easily have specified other materials to serve the same purpose.—A. VICTOR C. CROSS, 53, Holwell Hill, St. Albans, Herts.

Too Old Campaigner?

I AM A SERVING SOLDIER, forty years old, I have fourteen years' service to my credit, and I asked if I could go on soldiering to complete my pension. The reply was the well-worn cry: "Too old at forty." I certainly was not too old for them in 1939.—PTE. J. W. LEYS, 36, Catherine Street, Aberdeen.

Paying the Price

WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD to the return of lower prices, but it should not be forgotten that the very cheap pre-war articles could only be kept cheap by sweated labour. Hand-embroidered garments, selling for a few shillings, ought to lose their attraction when it's realised that they could only be made by some grossly underpaid worker.—JOYCE JOHNSON, 16, Hendon Road, Lower Edmonton, N.9.

O.S. but Happy

ONE OF YOUR READERS complains that her daughter is too big to get clothes easily (JOHN BULL, July 28). I am fifteen, 6 ft. tall, and weighing 11 st. I have no trouble at all in getting dresses to fit me. My measurements are: bust, 36 in.; hips, 42 in.; and length for dress 43 in. —CYNTHIA BIGGADIKE, Whaplode, Spalding, Lincs.

Clever One Caught

IN OUR HUT we are blessed with a chap who delights in making one or two of the others feel small by trotting out words they have never heard of. One of his victims had his revenge the other day. He came in with a box and pencil and paper and announced that he was running a sweep on the Dumbarton Oaks, sixpence a time. The clever fellow fell right into it.—R. F., R.E.M.E.

Sauce for the Goose?

I WAS MEASURED for a coat, paid £2 deposit and gave up eighteen coupons. The coat was promised in a couple of months. It is now eighteen weeks since I gave my order and there's no sign of the coat.

On the receipt for my deposit it says: "All orders not called for in three months will be sold and deposit forfeited." Rules like that should work both ways.—MRS. S., Nuneaton, Warwickshire.

Fish Alive-o

THE FISH SHOPS in Denmark used to have live fish in big glass tanks and the shopkeeper had no difficulty in net-

". . . live fish in big glass tanks"

ting what his customers wanted. This was the sensible alternative to the dusty, fly-covered slabs we've had to put up with—the sort of thing your Australian correspondent has rightly criticised (JOHN BULL, July 28).—DAVID B. WALKER, 8, Chicago Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.

They'd Queue Anyway

WHY BLAME THE GOVERNMENT for queues? There was a long queue at Totnes (Devon) Bowling Club Fete and Sports. The people were waiting to see a ten-weeks-old lamb with five legs and six feet.—J. M. T., Gloucester.

Hearty Welcome

I GOT BACK TO BLIGHTY with the joy of fourteen days' leave before me. I'd nearly reached home when I met a friend.

"Hello, Ray," he said. "On leave? How soon have you got to go back?" You can imagine what I thought of such tact.—R. L. COCKRAM, H.M.S. "Nabsford," c/o G.P.O., London.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

"I told you something funny would happen if we use bone meal!"

Accident gave Edna weeks of happiness, during which she dreamed of escape into a more gracious world where she could read and learn. One day, perhaps, such a world will be everyone's for the asking. Meanwhile, there are many girls like Edna; and this fine story is a tribute to their courage

MAN in WHITE

It was a funny question. She didn't know what to say. Mr. Tanson flipped the pages

TO RUB A FINGER against the outside of any building in our town, then to look at the finger, suddenly decorated with a black smudge, is to sum up the place in a gesture: work and muck for most; muck and money for some; but always—muck.

Even the dispensary has this sooty cover. Anywhere else, most likely, they'd call it a hospital. Our town called it the dispensary for the good enough reason that it always was called that.

So Edna Lee, if unconsciously, was carrying on quite a tradition when she put her head into the back kitchen that drizzling Tuesday morning to announce, "I'm off to the dispensary now, Mum."

"All right, dear; I do 'ope this is the last time."

Mr. Lee stirred crossly in his invalid chair. He was always cross in the morning before he'd got his teeth in and the Queen's nurse had been. He snapped: "Less noise, there! Less row!"

"Yes, Dad."

From long habit of obedience, although she was nearly thirty, Edna waited until he had finished what he had to say. His sunk eyes glared, outraged by the sight of her still at large so long after all hooters had gone. "Time you was back at work, me lass! Gallivantin'——"

"Yes, Dad."

She fled through a steam-filled scullery and out by a yard at whose end an enormous chimney soared up, one of many, breathing the bad breath of its smoke into a grey sky.

It was half-past-nine by the parish church, whose white clock looked out from a begrimed tower startling as an eye in the face of a nigger minstrel, when Edna reached the dispensary.

It had been there a long while, that building, even since Victoria Queen of England and of British Dominions beyond the seas, Empress of India, waved a trowel over a foundation-stone now black as coal.

It's seen some times, too. After the 1912 disaster at Corby Main pit they had stretchers laid along the corridors and police outside keeping the women back. But mostly, year by year, it's done a sound job mending the broken bodies, usually work-broken, of our town.

A PORTER WITH one leg was opening double doors marked "Out Patients" as Edna passed through the glass-roofed space where ambulances stood. No one could see he had only one leg. It was possible to know that one of them was artificial solely by being told. And since he confided only in patients of at least four months' standing, and then those whom he liked, it marked Edna off as something of a favoured veteran when he said, "Mornin'."

Twenty-three out-patients, made up of five old men, one youth, and the rest women, some with children, moved down a corridor smelling vaguely of anæsthetics and cooking, into a room all knew well. Its bench-surrounded walls, green-tiled, were bare but for the single notice displayed in red beneath an electric clock. This notice said: "SILENCE." The degree to which its command was obeyed was always a sure indication of which surgeon was on duty.

If it were Monday, and therefore the day for Mr. Lubb (ear, nose and throat), there was dead quiet, for Mr. Lubb was strict. If it were Thursday, and therefore the day for Mr. Fant (ophthalmic), there was not likely to be more than an uneasy whispering. But if it were Tuesday, and therefore Mr. Tanson's turn (orthopædic), there was, quite definitely, open chatter.

Everyone liked Mr. Tanson; people smiled when he was about. But Edna Lee, very secretly, was in love with him.

She took now a place at the foot of the bench, so as to have the last turn and consequently the most time in his presence. Fat Mrs. Raunsley, enjoying the longest run as an out-patient ever known, settled her great bulk comfortably next to her. She took out some knitting.

"If you ask me," she told the room in general, "'e'll be late."

This was a joke, and was received as such. Honorary surgeons were always late.

Edna looked down at her left hand. It twitched its fingers freely back at her, jauntily proclaiming that it was well.

Mrs. Raunsley said "Goin' to throw you off this mornin', isn't 'e, love?"

She meant that Edna, having been on the list of those qualifying for sick benefit, would that morning, by Mr. Tanson, be removed therefrom, having been cured.

"Glad, aren't you?"

"Oh yes!"

But it was a lie. She was not glad.

"Well," said Mrs. Raunsley, "'e won't cure me, clever, though 'e may be Did I ever tell you ——"

Knitting cosily, she began the long, well-known description of her complaint.

As the words flowed, Edna withdrew into herself, thinking back over the memorable story of her coming to the dispensary. In a sense, it was the story of her life.

At fourteen, Edna Lee left school. The next day, she was helping the Miss Learoyds at the little shop in Cornmarket, where they sold general millinery, usually by gaslight, because the place was nearly always dark. She was there eleven years—eleven years scarcely altered in routine from day to day. Startling things happened in the world; dictators rose, statesmen made speeches, armies massed, while Edna Lee, unnoticed, grew from stringy girlhood to maturity.

There came, dramatically, a time when those goings-on in the world outside affected the life of our town, and the long arm of the Ministry of Labour and National Service reached even into the gaslit recesses of Miss Learoyd's shop. It came out with Edna gripped in its official fingers, to put her down firmly in a shell-filling factory off the Leeford road.

For four years Edna Lee expertly packed death into steel compartments.

JOHN BULL Short Story

by JOHN BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

The barrage at Alamein, the staggering artillery preparation to the battle of the Reichwald Forest, were in part made possible by her. But it was a hard life. Edna grew tired. And then, dragging home half asleep on a streaming night during the war's last autumn, she was run into by a bus in the dim-out.

A phone trilled; an ambulance slid out of the dispensary's glass-roofed courtyard. Within twenty minutes, since our dispensary knows its job, a strange-looking, dead-white Edna Lee, wrapped in a blanket, was passing on a stretcher through the accident entrance. A Czech refugee house-surgeon came along, comfortingly casual, with something in his hand.

"To make you slip. Yes?" he said. The hypodermic made a tiny prick.

WHEN EDNA woke up it was into a new world—liesured, orderly, clean. Because it was leisured she was able to hear hooters and look at a clock for the first time with indifference; because it was orderly, not harassed by a domineering father, she was able to think her own thoughts in peace; because it was clean she was reminded of how grubby was home.

And then came Mr. Tanson. He came in a white coat one morning, attended by matron, sister, and house-surgeon, all deferential. Nurses hovered. Flowers on the ward tables stood up extra straight. Mr. Tanson looked down on Edna Lee, his eyes assessing the gentle face, noting the sweep of potentially intelligent forehead. He raised one hand, and screens were placed around the bed. He raised the other, and X-ray pictures were put into it. The surgeon in Mr. Tanson stared long and keenly from the X-rays to the uncovered upper portion of Edna Lee, and back again. When he had done, and she was covered again, the man in him, returning, smiled pleasantly.

"Very foolish—to argue with a bus."

"Yes, sir."

"I intend to operate on you, in order to get full articulation—that's movement—back into that arm. You won't mind, will you?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"That's the idea. I'd like to tell you what I'm going to do. You see, the human body is a machine. When it breaks it has to be mended. What I shall try to do is this."

She listened, enthralled. The house-surgeon looked at his watch.

It was only when at last Mr. Tanson rose to go that he saw the book on Edna's bedside locker.

"You've been reading this?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

It was a funny question. She didn't know what to say. Mr. Tanson flipped the pages.

"LOOK HERE, Edna"—he called her that straightaway—"I don't want to give you back a grip just so's you can hold one of these. The next time I come I'll bring you a real book."

And incredibly, he did. It was the first of many. In the long weeks after her operation; when she lay in a plaster cast, he developed the habit of staying for a chat about the latest. Whatever it was, she had always read it by the time of his next visit; read it, remembered it perfectly, and was prepared to make comments, halting and shy at first, more fluent later.

"You know, Edna," he said once

u've got a good brain in that skull
ours. Didn't anyone ever teach you
se it?"
No, sir."
What have you done with life, with
r life?"
he had a struggle to answer this.
ell, sir, I was in a shop. Then I went
munitions."
No interests? No thrills, politics,
otions, dreams, such as this old world
ull of?"
No sir."
Then what do you do?"
I help keep Dad and Mum, sir."
Ah!" he said, "Edna, you humble
But what about boys? No
hances?"
he flushed violently, and he was quick
notice. "I see there is one. Well, I'm
d. It'll be a fine thing for you—and
him. And now keep that arm still
il next week, and soon we'll have you
."

ON? TOO SOON. There had followed
ve months as an out-patient five
nths of hanging round the house.
e had tried to keep up the reading
h books from the public library. But
ere was there to read? If she tried
kitchen, she was in the way; if her
droom, they thought she was getting
cular. The public library was full of
men who spat. But any book was
ferent without the bold signature
Will Tanson" on its flyleaf, the pages
h with a smell of tobacco so strangely
ferent from Dad's shag.
Everything was different without him.
was all that was clean and splendid;
clear eyes, his white coat, his laugh,
d the long fingers of his clever hands.
was a vision of what might have
en, a vision revealed by the momen-
ry, fortuitous lifting of an iron door.
w it was closing, closing, and the
oters were sounding on its other side.
Mrs. Raunsley announced suddenly:
Ere 'e is!"
He came into the surgery, which,
rough folding doors, led off the wait-
g room. He was fixing his white coat.
Morning everybody! 'Fraid I'm late.
rry."
The attendant nurse called sternly, as
anxious to live down Mr. Tanson's
nconventional familiarity:
"First patient. Quickly, please!"
The morning worked through its
utine. When Mrs. Raunsley had gone,
parting full of pride at being told to
turn next week, there was only Edna
ft. The nurse looked into a green-tiled
om deserted but for the one solitary,
dinary figure.
"Come along!"

DNA SAT DOWN on the white-
enamelled, revolving stool opposite
r. Tanson.
"Hello!" he said, "it's you, is it?
en reading much lately?"
She lied brightly.
"Oh yes, sir."
"That's fine. Blouse off."
The nurse began to undo it.
"No," said Mr. Tanson, "let her do
herself. Use your left hand, Edna."
He watched keenly. "Now then, give
e the Nazi salute, with that arm."
She did so.
"Heil!" he grinned, well satisfied.
You're through, you're done—struck
nally struck off the rolls. Now you can
ess."
he busied himself with her papers as
he buttoned the rather old-fashioned
ouse, and put her mac on. The nurse
gan clearing away. Then he looked
p. "Well, Edna——?"
Their eyes met. From hers there
trove to peep out all of a simple soul,
nd all that might have been. "No word
or me?" said Mr. Tanson.
She made a great effort.
"Good-bye, sir, and—and thank you.
The surgeon patted her arm. He said
ently: "Run along."
So she ran along. As she stumbled out
nto the courtyard where ambulances
stood, midday hooters were sounding
through rain over our town.

WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, describes:

How Fascism is Making a Disturbing Come-Back

"JOHN BULL is pledged to investigate and expose any revival of Fascism under whatever guise it may hide."

With this statement I ended my first report on "18B."

Now I present evidence which proves beyond doubt that remnants of ex-Fascist groups are reorganising.

Many ex-members of the former British Union of Fascists were busy during the recent General Election. Hecklers asked questions suggesting that the peace with Germany, despite the unconditional surrender terms, was in reality a "frame-up," whatever that may mean.

These people, most of them recently released from their 18B detention, used the election as a sort of "whispering gallery," spreading the theory that the Conservative Government *knew* a war with Russia could not be far distant, using as their chief argument the supposed dissension between Britain and Russia concerning the Polish Government in London.

They also indulged continually in anti-Jewish propaganda of the vilest kind. In many constituencies Fascist signs, such as "Perish Judah!" were painted in white streaks on walls or shop windows. "End this Jews' War," which was written up late at night in the London Tubes, was replaced by statements that the Jews were betraying Britain in the peace. Some Fascists managed to get into meetings with cards which were never issued by the agents of the candidates.

Awaiting Orders

There is no doubt at all that many ex-Fascists, some of them influential people, are actively preparing, after five years underground, a most prominent return to political life.

They call Mosley "The Leader." They expect him to stage a big come-back.

Since he came out of Brixton Jail Mosley has been living in a seventeenth-century mansion called Easton House at Crux Easton, near Marlborough, and sometimes more recently in London.

Many of the more prominent of his old and trusted Fascist followers are expecting a "dramatic statement" from their "Leader" soon.

Many boast that they have lately been "in touch with him." For instance, Mr. Arthur Winn, a leading member of the late British Union of Fascists, has admitted within the last few weeks that "we have had an organisation going all through the war but had to keep it underground. To-day we are waiting orders from The Leader."

Winn and certain colleagues have arranged to hold Fascist meetings in the future just as they did before the war. They intend to become very active, not as the British Union of Fascists, but under another name yet to be devised.

Over a bookshop in Gray's Inn Road—not far from King's Cross Station—a man called Valeriani is often to be found. He is a keen Mosleyite.

Valeriani, who for years was Mosley's Chief Publicity Officer at the British Union of Fascists, and edited the notorious sheet *Action*, chief organ of the Mosley Party, is the landlord of the premises.

These are the headquarters of a concern called the 18B Detainees (British) Aid Fund.

Under the auspices of this organisation, a most unusual party, described as a dinner-dance, was given recently in the West End of London.

Most of those present, and there were 250 of them, were ex-members of the British Union of Fascists or ex-18B detainees or sympathisers.

A large number of guests had only been released from Brixton or Holloway jails a few weeks previously.

Sir Barry Domvile was the guest of honour, and at the end a collection towards the funds of the 18B Detainees (British) Aid Fund was made. An observer reported: "Pound notes were plentiful."

Sir Barry Domvile was doubtless gratified by the long queue which formed up to get his precious signature affixed to their menu cards.

Secret Council

I propose to watch closely this and other new Fascist organisations.

One is the "British National Party," whose chief administrator—in the open—is a man named Edward Godfrey, now living at Hayes, Middlesex. Godfrey has boasted that his new organisation has members all over the country, but is evasive concerning the sources of his funds—a curious characteristic affecting most organisations linked with Fascism.

It was Godfrey, close friend of Sir Barry Domvile, who, once the "British National Party" was under way, arranged for a wreath to be laid at the Cenotaph bearing the words: "You have been betrayed."

The so-called "League of ex-Service Men and Women" is an interesting study. Headquarters of this newly formed movement are in a large private house known as "The Gables," Lent Rise, Burnham, Bucks, while a London office has lately been opened at 29, Norfolk Place, Paddington London W.2.

It was formed by a man named James Taylor, yet I find its Chief of Staff is no other than that vitriolic ex-18B detainee Victor Burgess, who has made constant subversive speeches in public places.

The "League of ex-Service Men and Women" is said to be "controlled" by a secret "Council of Nine." Four of these, I have discovered, are ex-18B detainees and well-known Fascists.

Burgess, who was also a prominent member of the former British Union of Fascists, is "Director of Propaganda" to the new enterprise.

Another ex-Mosleyite named Jeffery Hamm acts as "Director of Policy."

Again the derivation of funds is a mystery. The literature issued by this "League" attacks both the Conservative and Labour Parties alike.

Here are one or two illuminating extracts:

"The Labour and Conservative Parties offer you International Socialism.

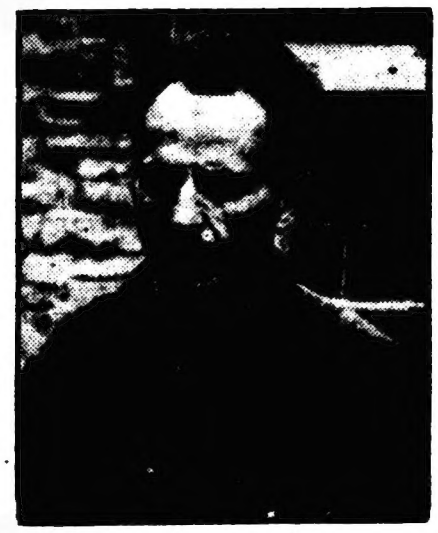
"You know that their Utopian daydream of 'The Workers of the World United' can never come true.

"The Labour and Communist leaders know this, too, but they continue to preach International Socialism because their alien financial masters have given them their orders. International Socialism or Communism is just another trick to deceive the workers, while International Finance continues to exploit them.

"Join us. . . . Help us in our struggle for the New and Greater Britain."

As for Sir Oswald Mosley himself, he has, in addition to his other interests, recently bought a large building at Ramsbury, Wilts, "for speculation only." I have had the pleasure of inspecting this building.

In a conversation with a friend the other day Sir Oswald expounded his present views.



"The Leader" to his followers. Mosley seen shortly after his release from Brixton jail

He denied that he is in any way *directly* concerned with any separate Party. He said he was not directly connected with any of the Fascist Parties now in being.

"I naturally give support to the fund for ex-18B dependants," he said. *I will help my old friends whenever I can!"*

Valeriani, to whom I have already referred, said in a recent interview: "Mosley is now writing his autobiography. It is a reply to the Government. His book will be ready in about two months, and then *we will get to work again.*

"Several of us have been in touch with 'The Leader,' but so far he has not issued any instructions."

Some ex-Fascists have joined a new movement called the British Union of Fascist Workers.

Financed by Goebbels

They wear a pretty blue badge, on which the initials B.U.F.W. appear.

Many have heard of the tragic death of one of their greatest pre-war friends, Dr. Arthur Albert Tester, born in Germany, trusted ornament of Society circles in London for years before the war.

He had a magnificent suite of offices in St. James's Street, London, S.W., where he appeared to be a man of millions. He controlled a company (among many others) called the European Press Agency, Ltd., and soon came under the notice of the Special Branch as Goebbels' agent in this country.

I am able to reveal that his company, which was formed to publish a pro-German newspaper, received *just before the war* £100,000 from Goebbels. Transmitted through German and Dutch industrialists, this sum was earmarked for "special purposes."

Tester maintained a £700-a-year flat in fashionable Mayfair, a 245-ton yacht, on which he entertained lavishly, and a lovely country mansion at Broadstairs. He also held a controlling interest in a famous West End restaurant at which several leading politicians dined.

Tester, when he knew Special Branch investigations were getting a little too probing, disappeared. He went first to Belgrade. Then he was seen in Athens. When Greece fell he was promoted to Chief of the Gestapo in Rumania.

Last September, while trying to escape to Hungary, he was shot by a frontier guard and killed.

Many of his ex-Fascist comrades doubtless mourn him.

To-day they are making, as I have endeavoured to show, active arrangements to start afresh.

Reports of their activities will appear, whenever necessary, in these columns.

Her Golden Friday

HOW her Queue Day turned to Golden Friday is told by the young wife of an R.A.F. Corporal.

Returning to her mother's home (Lynn Road, East Winch, King's Lynn), Mrs. E. M. Goodchild felt tired and dispirited. But then came thrilling news from Long Acre. It told her she had won £100 with the homely, telling *Bullet*, At Loggerheads—Mother's Heart and Feet.

If *you* want a Golden Friday, use your coupon below to win this week's doubled First.

"BULLETS" FIRST DOUBLED!

£200 CASH plus £25 RADIO

£20 plus PEN - £10 plus PEN

3 of £8, 3 of £6, 3 of £4

25 of £1, 200 of 2s. 6d.

1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Sept. 15 with details of new £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

VICTORY'S HARVEST
MIGHTY ATOM
DEATH-BLOW FOR JAPAN
WITH RUSSIA'S HELP
MANKIND'S CHOICE
TO GET MORE COAL
THOSE WHO SUFFER
OUR MISTAKE
WAIT FOR IT AND
GOOD FOR TRADE
GRIM AND TERRIBLE
THAT FOOL, JONES
LOST IN ADMIRATION
SCARED STIFF
FINDING WORK
IN THE SUNSHINE
SANDY'S PARTNER
ON THE MENU
NOT SO FUNNY
BROKE ALL RECORDS

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

WHEN ..... STARTS
NOT LIKE .....
LOST HIS .....
DUE TO .....
IF FATHER .....
EVERY LITTLE.....

Result No. 1,439—First Prize £100 & Seaside Holiday

S. PLUMLEY, 3, LEWTHWAITE COURT, PRINCESS ST., CARLISLE.
BABY'S LIFE "INSURE" WITH "IMPROVED SOCIETY"

£25: G. E. Lanigan, 26, South Dr., M/c. **Rattled The Structure—Of Civilisation, Tiny Atom.**

£15: Mrs. S. Strike, 3, Chestnut Rd., Kingston-on-Thames. **Lesson For Us—Sonny Cherishes "Broken Soldiers."**

3 of £8:
L. J. Brand, 101, Cross Flatts Ave., Leeds. **Plenty To Do—Best Tip For "Pip."**
Sgt. H. L. Jones, Sgts. Mess, R.A.F., Great Dunmow. **Out Of Atom—Mightiest "Power," Preventing War.**
Mrs. M. Williams, 58, Station Rd., Ainsdale, Southport. **Fraternising — Nations — But Mars "Winks"!**

3 of £6:
Mrs. G. R. Anny, c/o 9, Council Houses, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne. **Home, Sweet Home—"Oasis"—Sympathy, "Deep Well."**
Cpl. T. E. Hesketh, 154 Med. W.T. Section, B.L.A. **Fraternising—Means Tommy Rotter? Tommy-rot!**
G. H. Milburn, 10, Dora Cres., Workington. **Lesson For Civilisation—For Not Learning "Civilisation."**

3 of £4:
D. E. Corbett, 29, Brow Top, Workington. **Plenty To Read—Phrenologist, When Henpeck Visited!**
Tel. C. D. Robinson, H.M.S. *Bootle*, c/o G.P.O. **At Our Dog Show—"Lovely Coat? Terrible Hat!"**
R. H. Storr, Station House, Thurnby, nr. Leicester. **Now They're Elected—Let's Have *Green* Flag!**

A list of 25 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

OUTRIGHT WIN—CHEQUE AND RADIO IN CROSSWORD 441.
WINNING WORDS: 1. Boiler. 2. Fords. 3. Line or Lane. 4. Loft. 5. Props. 6. Jam. 7. Bays. 8. Ratch. 9. Train. 10. Tape. 11. Mast. 12. Rook. 13. Haste. 14. Sling or Swing.
£50 AND RADIO WINNER: Pte. G. E. Johnson, Uplands, Norfolk Rd., Uxbridge.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 20 entrants. All winners and Runners-up receive Fountain Pen as offered.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,493, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 Bullets you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value.....
No .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,493
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 3.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

For £50 "BULLETIN" (SEPT. 15), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

RUMOUR-MONGER SPOILS A ROMANCE

Chess problems. Scepticism about regaining jobs. 32 is not too old to go back to school. State aid for future doctors. Rent and the landlord

"I AM A SOLDIER in Germany, with a girl at home who has meant everything to me. We said we'd stick to each other, and I have taken no notice of anyone else. But when I was on leave last week my sister told me a few things about my fiancée that I can't believe. My girl denies these tales, and says that if I leave her it will ruin her life. She is terribly upset. My sister and she are not the best of friends. It makes me feel like going all out for a gay time myself."

Shall I tell you what I really think? You are a one-woman man and you could not have a "gay time" with other women if you tried. You and your girl should get together and renew your promises. As your sister doesn't like your fiancée, she has almost certainly exaggerated what she has heard or seen. Now, what about a new start? You don't want to let anyone else make up your mind for you.

"SOME TIME AGO I wrote because I could not buy a book on chess, but with your advice I managed to get a good one. Thank you. I now know a lot about the game and want to learn more. But I have been told chess is an anti-social game and that studying it will hypnotise a man into a state of stupidity. Well . . .?"

Of course it will make you unsociable if it becomes a mania. When two people sit rigidly silent gazing at a chessboard as if they were mesmerised it doesn't help towards conviviality. But chess cannot make you stupid, though it may make you appear absent-minded at times. Don't play too often, and if you feel it getting on top of you, knock the board over with your elbow when you're winning. That's blasphemy, but it will solve your problem.

"SEVERAL OF THE MEN in my unit and myself are hoping to return to our pre-war jobs when we are demobbed. But there is a good deal of scepticism. Some think that employers are compelled by law to take men back—others say there are a lot of conditions to be complied with. How can we find out for certain what the position is?"

You should get a copy of the "Reinstatement in Civil Employment Act, 1944." You can obtain this by post from His Majesty's Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, price 4d., plus postage.

Section 1 concerns the obligation of employers to reinstate former employees. Section 4 deals with their obligation to continue to employ them, and Section 5 with priority of claims.

Presumably you and the other men have kept in touch with your old employers while you have been away. Why not write to ask them what your position is with regard to reinstatement? You will then get a direct statement on your own particular case.

"FOR THE PAST few years I have been saving money, hoping to go back to school for a time. Now I've got enough to live quietly and pay my fees. I am thirty-two, a mechanic, with only an elementary school education. Can you tell me if there is a school for men like me? I'd like

to have a good general foundation, and then carry on with correspondence courses."

Good idea. Fifty years ago people would have laughed at you. In another few years a lot of people will be thinking like you. Your letter is a most encouraging sign of the times.

What you really want is a university or a college rather than a school. There are plenty of both; also the Polytechnics. I suggest you get in touch with the Workers' Educational Association (38a, St. George's Drive, S.W.1) to see if there are any vacancies in places like Ruskin College, Oxford.

If you had lived in London you could attend classes at the University, or, if you could not afford the time during the day, join a literary institute and get what is really a university training for a mere song.

"MY SON, aged 24, was at a County School studying for the Higher School Certificate. He wanted to become a veterinary surgeon, but went into the R.A.F. instead. Now he'd like to be a doctor. Can anything be done to make certain he gets into the right training college as soon as he's demobilised? Can I expect any help towards the cost of his training?"

The Ministry of Labour issue a leaflet (P.L.120) about further education and training. They also have a threepenny booklet on "Medicine and Surgery," in the "Careers" series which you can get from the Stationery Office, Kingsway, W.C.2. Normally you apply to register as a medical student through the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at the university you choose. Your son would need to have passed a recognised general preliminary examination and one in science. The higher School Certificate with passes in certain subjects will do. Ordinarily, a boy gets rid of these formalities at school; the Government will make allowances for wartime education. Best thing to do: write to the London Appointments Officer, London Appointments Office, Sardinia Street, W.C.2. Tell him you want advice about expense and Government help. And tell him JOHN BULL told you to ask.

DOUBLED X-WORD CASH £100

£100 FIRST and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. These of great poets are often quite unremarkable—LI□ES. 2. What busy bees make—□ONEY. 3. Big ones precede major military operations—TA□KS. 4. Has often to rely on assistance—□HIEF. 5. You don't usually expect to get lot of information out of—M□G. 6. Constant rough usage may wear one out—MA□. 7. The average man dislikes such a policy—□RAB. 8. There's much that is old in the most modern of them—PA□ENTS. 9. This eases the weight—□ASE. 10. Not every this needs to be stopped—B□TTLE. 11. Use of water can shorten the life of this—MO□. 12. To go in for this usually means bit of a plunge—□OUSE. 13. There's many a farmer could do well with—M□RE. 14. You can't expect this of country from slum kiddies—LO□E.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Sept. 15 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark —**MONDAY, Sept. 3.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 445, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 441 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Toys and the Law

L. T., Ramsgate: You do not need a licence to make toys to be sold at a bazaar, but you must have one if you wish to open a shop or retail toys from your own address. You can manufacture toys up to the value of £100 per month and can supply these without licence to another retail shop.

A. H., Liverpool: Your landlord is obliged, under penalty, to inform you of the standard rent of the house on demand, and this amount should be entered in your rent book. To the standard rent he may add any increase of rates he may have to pay on the property. Alternatively, the rent can be fixed by the Registrar of the County Court on application.

A. S., Calstor: As you are under fifty-one years of age you cannot enter employment you find yourself. Even if you were over that age you would still be required to obtain permission to leave from the National Service Officer if your employment is scheduled under the Essential Work Order. Should such permission be given after you have attained the age of fifty-one you would then be able to enter employment of your own choice.

R. B., Kensington: Inspectors of Taxes are now working on the records for the year 1944-45 and repayments of tax overpaid for that year should be made within the next few months. We are afraid that you cannot get the matter speeded up. The inspectors are overwhelmed with work and are much behind their original time-table.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Do your teeth complete your charm?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3 & 2/2. Also made in powder form.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

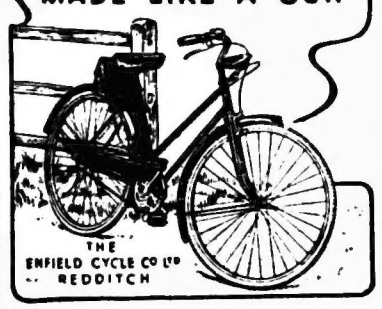
We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

Royal Enfield
BICYCLES
"MADE LIKE A GUN"



Think in STEAD

Panic stricken office worker has 3rd attack of Lumbago

Just read this! "As a business woman I became panic stricken at a third attack, within a short time, of lumbago, which completely incapacitated me. That was over eighteen months ago. SINCE THEN I HAVE TAKEN FYNNON SALT — a small teaspoon in my first cup of tea — AND HAVE NOT BEEN ABSENT FROM THE OFFICE ONCE, which I consider is pretty good going and good for Fynnon: a lucky break indeed for which I must thank you. . . . I shall be pleased for you to use this letter in the form of an advertisement. GOOD NEWS CAN STAND THE TELLING."

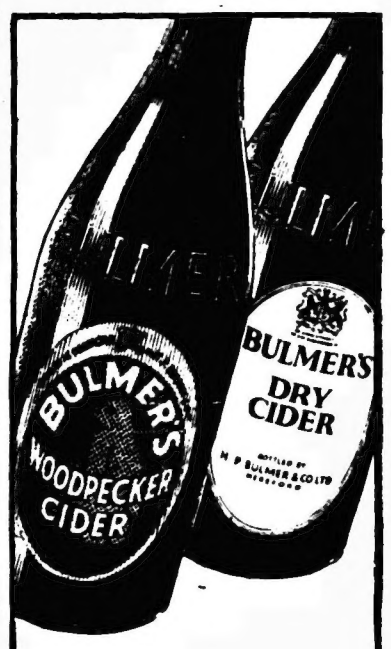
(*Signed*) Mrs. F.B.

Then has "a lucky break" thanks to Fynnon

Fynnon Salt
for
RHEUMATISM
Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica or Gout

Large size 1/6 (*includes Purchase Tax*)

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Mx. (551)



BULMER'S CIDER is still restricted to certain areas. Soon we hope Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD.
royds 751.B

Nerves and Digestion?
..more Vitamin B

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way, the way that many doctors recommend, is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. There are no drugs in Phillips Tonic Yeast. It is simply *pure LIVE Yeast* in palatable form. And live Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B Vitamins. You will be amazed at the result of this simple, natural way to restore your nervous system. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. Phillips is the *real live* Vitamin Yeast.

A GENTLEMAN writes:
"*. . . am more than delighted with the results. I am sure it has made a new man of me!—no indigestion, tiredness, or irritability, and I feel a hundred times better, and am positive it is* **due entirely to your Yeast.** *My father is a Doctor, and he was astounded at the results.*"

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
50 Tablets, 1/3 . . . 150 3/-

S.O.S. from the sashes

"Only **SHERWOODS PAINT** can save me now"

Sherwoods Paints Ltd., Barking, Essex
Established 1777

INDIGESTION?
Don't delay!
Take two Rennies
And chase it away

There's no need to "grin and bear it." At the very first sign of indigestion, suck two Rennies, just like sweets. Digestif Rennies neutralize the **excess acid** in your stomach in record time. It doesn't matter where you are when the attack starts, because you don't need water or spoon to take Rennies. The tablets are separately wrapped so you can carry them loose in your handbag.

If Rennies don't shift your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor about it.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES**
2.5 FOR 7P (TAX INC.)

GLUCOSE BARLEY SUGAR on points in Eastern zone.
VITA GLUCOSE for extra ENERGY—is reserved during scarcity for Diabetics in Hypoglycaemia and urgent medical cases.
MEDICATIONS
T.C.L., Glycerine of Thymol. Iodised Sore Throat and Friars Balsam Tablets. Generally available. 50% allocated to ALL pre-war purchaser chemists.

Simpkin's
of Sheffield

A PRIZE OF £3:3:0

is offered for the most interesting story of an incident of Salvation Army War-time Work. 10/6 will be paid for each story used.

Stories, mentioning place and date, and not exceeding 250 words, should be sent to

Press Secretary,
The Salvation Army, 159, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

CLOSING DATE OCTOBER 5

38/139

Your Dog's Health!

Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. George Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B_1 which dogs need. They act as a blood tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, sluggishness, constipation, etc. **In packets of 10 for 7d.**, from Chemists and Pet Shops everywhere.

Buy a packet to-day while it's on your mind.

★ **If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons, Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 12, for LARGE post-free packet of FIFTY Powders.**

GEORGE **BELLS BLOOD SALTS** *for Dogs*
★VITAMIN B_1 ADDED

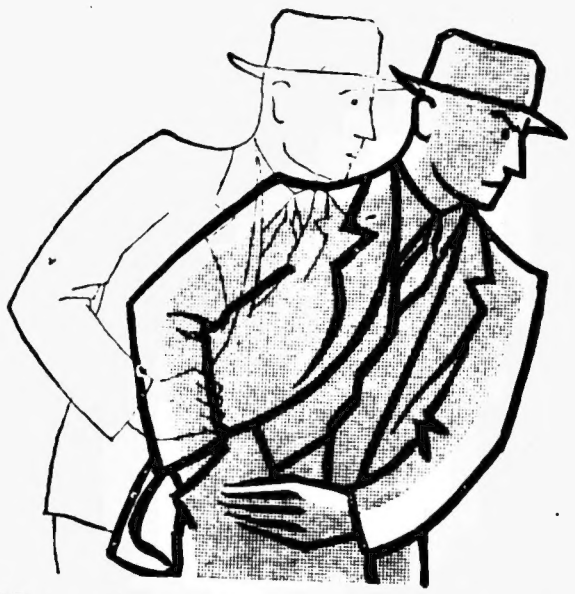
SAXA
cheapest and best
SALT

CATARRH

Break the stifling grip of Catarrh—with Nostroline Nasal Remedy. A little Nostroline drawn up each nostril acts quickly, gently, effectively. In 30 seconds your head starts to clear, mucus comes away, sore raw membranes are soothed, air passages freed . . . you can really breathe again. Perfectly safe for children. Doctors recommend it. Insist on Nostroline—for Catarrh, Head colds, Flu-colds. In tubes 1/5d. including tax.

Of all chemists.

NOSTROLINE



LISTEN TO YOUR WISER SELF!

Ever found yourself thinking you might give your Savings a miss this week? Listen to your wiser self. Your wiser self says, "Keep on with them—with things as they are, it's plain common-sense. Go on buying National Savings Certificates."

BECAUSE

- Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
- This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
- They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
- Savings up keeps prices down.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Angular Chin?

Some chins are different—all the more reason for 'Easy'! The 'Easy' lather works up in a moment, stays moist. Every razor-blade likes 'Easy'. And you'll like each of the 100 shaves in every Easy Shaving Stick.

the answer's

EASY

SHAVING STICK

7½D PER STICK *(includes purchase tax)*

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

E 380-757-55

DRY SCALP can ruin your hair

Here's a Tonic Hair Dressing that *destroys* this enemy to healthy, handsome hair

One of the worst enemies of thick, healthy hair is Dry Scalp. It makes hair dull, lifeless, dry. Scurf and dandruff follow. Very soon you may begin to notice your hair is falling. What's to do?

The best way to avoid these dangers is to massage 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic gently into the scalp. A few drops are sufficient.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is tonic and dressing combined. If you want a healthy head of hair, and want to avoid Dry Scalp, be sure you use it regularly. It also keeps the hair smooth and tidy and always in place.

Get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Price 2/7½ (including purchase tax).

The supplies of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic are not yet at pre-war level, so please be patient if you cannot always obtain it easily.

TRADE Vaseline BRAND HAIR TONIC

ENDS DRY SCALP

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

P.S. Don't forget to use 'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO 5d. *a packet (including purchase tax)*

3970-13A

He loves me.... he loves me not!

If you have to do this to find out—he doesn't! And the reason might easily be —dingy teeth.

Play Safe! use COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Twice a day

Use Colgate Dental Cream twice daily and be proud of your Colgate-clean teeth . . . brilliantly whitened in a fresh and fragrant mouth—with that fascinating shine and sparkle which are so much admired.

1/1 *Including Tax*

CADBURYS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

Dependable as ever

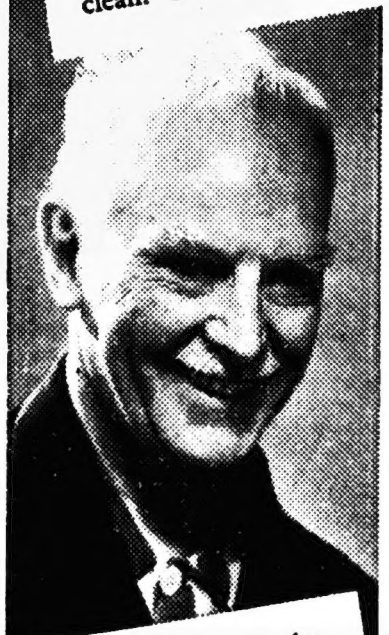
One can always depend upon "Player's" for cool pleasure and calm enjoyment.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

N.C.T.54H

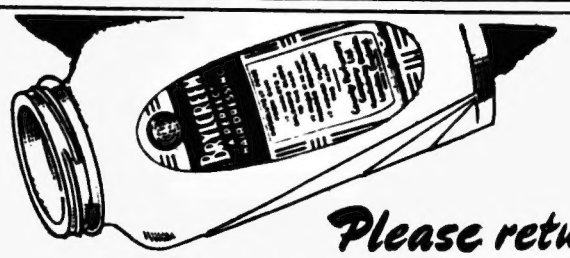
You can't be alert and on top of your job if your bloodstream isn't clean. So—



—every morning take

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)



Please return

BRYLCREEM

bottles when empty

There is an acute shortage of bottles. So if you will return the empties to the shop where you get your Brylcreem it will help us to keep up supplies.

THANK YOU!

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1 roy/b 81c

Isn't it WONDERFUL how Quickly they act with Summer COLDS

It really is remarkable how so little, does so much, so soon. Summer Colds can become very troublesome. Well, at the first suggestion of a cold I start taking Beecham's Powders, but not for long; the first checks the attacks and others soon clear away all symptoms. Being so quickly absorbed, Beecham's Powders are speedy in action.

Prices in Gt. Britain (including Tax)
Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4.
Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½D EACH

ACT LIKE MAGIC

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